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CARPENTER'S
HANDBOOK
OF
POETRY



A

HANDBOOK OF POETRY.



LONDON :
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A

HANDBOOK OF POETRY;

BEING

A CLEAR AND EASY GUIDE,

DIVESTED OF TECHNICALITIES, TO THE

Art of Making English Verse.



BY

J. E. CARPENTER,

EDITOR OF "PENNY READINGS IN PROSE AND VERSE," "POPULAR READINGS," ETC.
AUTHOR OF TWO THOUSAND SONGS AND BALLADS, ETC. ETC.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A NEW POETICAL ANTHOLOGY,

AND

A CONCISE DICTIONARY OF PROPER RHYMES,

WITH LISTS OF DOUBLE AND SINGLE RHYMES, AND
TERMS USED IN POETRY.

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P R E F A C E.

AT a time when "Handbooks of History," "Handbooks of Chemistry," "Handy Books of the Law," and other short cuts to general knowledge or useful information, find a ready acceptance on the part of the public, the little treatise contained in the following pages may not be without its utility, or unacceptable to that large class who now, in the thousand-and-one periodicals of the day, cultivate the Muses for pleasure and recreation, if with no higher aim and object.

So totally devoid of anything like even an approach to "inspired verse" are most of the effusions admitted by too willing editors, so faulty in construction and false in rhyme are most of the verses of "The Poets' Corner" and the magazine column, that the authors themselves must not unfrequently be cognizant of their deformity, when they see them reflected in the light and glare of leaded or double-leaded print.

And yet, with a little care and study, how easily might

this be avoided. Not that *any* treatise on Poetry can make an Inspired Bard, any more than could the mere perusal of a few books make an individual of feeble mind a deep thinker; but it can, at least, do this—it can make him write correctly, if not forcibly; and a careful study of the following pages, it is to be hoped, will enable all but the wilfully ignorant to judge of their own writings, and so to remodel and correct them as, at least, to render them free from those objections so offensive to a fine ear and a cultivated taste.



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A

HANDBOOK OF POETRY.

should contain precisely the same number of words or syllables; but it is necessary that there should be the same accent in both, the same rise and fall, the same musical flow, so to speak; and this is determined by what is called "scanning."

I shall not in this treatise, which is intended for the purely uninitiated, adopt many of the old technical terms in accordance with which our fathers built up their poems and formed their versification: most of these have long since been exploded. Poetry is no longer confined to any arbitrary form of verse; she may take a hundred varied shapes, as in Southey, or the poet may invent new measures if he can; but there are first principles from which he can never depart. Like the musician, he must know how and when to resolve his discords, for in both cases perfect harmony must pervade the whole.

That there are exceptions to the rules for making verse, I am not prepared to deny; but if I am asked why these exceptions are not pointed out, I must reply that the strictest rules that can be obtained are the best by which to study any art. The exceptions will present themselves as difficulties occur: to point out an easy means of getting over them would be to make the student careless, and cause him to avail himself of them habitually, rather than to face and overcome them.

No one, not even an inspired poet, a born one, can commence without some knowledge of what rhythm is capable of, of what others have done before him. Burns,

who sought for his inspirations in natural objects, could not have written if he had not previously heard the peasant songs of his native land. To one less inspired than he, a long course of study, and that of the best writers, would be necessary to inform him what rhymed and measured language is capable of achieving; hence, to those who would draw music from the mystic lyre, I would say, read the best poetry you can procure, and read every style, before you attempt to form one for yourself. When you think you can do so, write directly from your own feelings; work after the best models if you will, but let the material be your own.

By these means, and by avoiding those solecisms upon which others have blundered, and which I shall endeavour to point out, you will be able to write correctly. In choosing your subject, avoid, if possible, those that have been treated of by others: life is so full of variety, and natural objects are so abundant, that there can never be a dearth of subjects for poetry. Of course there are subjects upon which all poets have exercised their talents, and which are common property; with such it is not so much the object, as the method of treating it, that constitutes the poem. The thought it inspires, the association it awakes, must be your own; and the language in which you clothe it must spring from within, and not be, as is too frequently the case, a mere paraphrase of what others have thought and written upon the same subject.

The various kinds of poetry have their distinct appellations, but they are sometimes run into and blended with each other, so as to render their classification difficult. They may be said, generally, to be:—

DRAMATIC POETRY. That which is capable of being represented on the stage, and divided into acts and scenes; and also poetry written in the dramatic form, but not intended for representation. Blank verse is the medium usually employed in forming the language of the persons represented.

THE EPIC, or long narrative poem, generally heroic in its nature, but sometimes purely imaginary. Incident, scenery, action, and the reflections of the author, form the whole, which may be in blank verse, couplets, or irregular rhythm.

LYRIC POETRY, which includes the ode, the song, the ballad, and the sonnet, as well as those trifles in verse in which the author gives expression to his thoughts and feelings.

DIDACTIC POETRY is that upon which the perceptive powers of the poet are brought to bear, and in which a moral precept is inculcated.

PASTORALS, peculiar to the older writers, were idyls, or short poems, devoted to pastoral objects, sometimes called Eclogues.

NARRATIVE POEMS, imaginary tales, and historical ballads, differ from each other only as their designation implies.

The student, having made choice of a subject, will determine under which of these classes he proposes to carry it out, and direct his studies accordingly.

Never be deterred from writing on a subject because it does not, at the first blush, appear to be a poetical one: there are objects which are poetical in themselves from their own innate simple beauty, as a star, a snow-flake, a rose, a waterfall, a bird, a flower, or a rivulet. Others from their grandeur, as a storm, a mountain, the sun, the ocean, or a battle; but, on the other hand, the most common-place objects have afforded scope for poetry of a very high order. An oak table, a walking-stick, a shilling, a bucket, a lamp, a bundle of rags, an old horse, all have been treated of successfully; but it must be remembered that mere description won't do; your poem must contain a sentiment—the picture must call up some feeling, call back some memory. The association that your own mind may invent, or your experience suggest, will supply this.

If my reader imagines that this "handbook" will make him a poet, let him undeceive himself at once. It professes to do nothing of the sort; its object is to assist him in the cultivation of his genius, if he has that within him which may lead to future excellence, by pointing out to him what to avoid, that he may become his own critic, and so spare himself the humiliation of having errors pointed out when too late to mend them. The method of writing poetry he may to a certain

extent learn by rule; the manner must be the reflection of the light that shines from himself. It is by the manner rather than the method that one poet surpasses another in power, grace, feeling, fancy, and all that constitutes the attributes of a true poet.



CHAPTER II.

ON RHYMES.

 RHYME is the word which terminates a line of poetry, when it agrees in sound with a corresponding line preceding it. Rhymes may be single, double, or treble, as—"LOVE" and "DOVE," single; "SORROW" and "MORROW," double; "TENDERLY" and "SLENDERLY," treble.

It is not absolutely necessary, in writing lyric poetry, that every line should have its rhyme; many poets rhyme only the alternate lines. It is better, however, that all the lines should have their rhymes, either in couplets, *i.e.*, following each other, or in alternate lines (of triplets and suspended rhymes I shall speak hereafter), and in writing verses that are intended to be set to music, especially so.

Strictly speaking, nearly all those terminations which are called double or treble rhymes (*i.e.*, when words of two or three syllables are employed) are not so. A rhyme is a simple or single sound, corresponding with another single sound with which it vibrates in unison, as so many notes struck upon an instrument correspond with the same notes struck an octave above or below them.

Two words or syllables precisely alike are not rhymes, hence in “*sorrow*” and “*morrow*,” the rhymes are “*sor*” and “*mor*,” and in “*slenderly*” and “*tenderly*,” “*slen*” and “*ten*,” the concluding syllables, being the same word, are not rhymes. It is always on the *first* syllable of double and treble rhymes that the *accent* falls; and they, of course, constitute the rhymes. Where a word of three syllables is employed to rhyme with a monosyllable, the accent must be on the last syllable, as “*shade*” and “*colonnade*;” the rhymes being “*shade*” and “*nade*,” both single rhymes.

When a word is used where the accent does *not* fall on the last syllable, a ludicrous effect is produced, as the following example, notwithstanding “*rain*” and “*cane*” would be good rhymes, the accent agreeing, will show:—

Pelting, undermining, loosening, came the rain;
Through its topmost branches roared the *hurri*-cane.

Words of two syllables having their second syllable the same as the word to be rhymed to, as Gipsey’s “*tent*” to “*content*,” cannot be used.

There are many words that ought not to be used as rhymes, and consequently ought never to end a line, *viz.*, the particles *an*, *and*, *as*, *of*, *the*, *is*, &c. Some of these have been used by the old poets, but they are not admissible into modern verse. Beaumont and Fletcher have the line—

Every little flower that is,

and rhyme "is" to "kiss," which is a false rhyme, according to modern accent.

Words of more than three syllables, which have their accents far removed from the final syllable, should never be used as rhymes. Such words as "*vindicated*," having their accent on the last syllable but one, are allowable, because they will come in with the double rhymes, as "stated," "mated;" and the three-syllable words having a similar accent, as "debated," "elated," &c. The simple rhyme in all these is the "ate," the other sounds being weak and languishing, or unaccented.

There are many words ending in "ove," which have three distinct sounds, but which are used by some writers, as rhymes, indiscriminately: this is incorrect, and should at all times be especially avoided. LOVE, PROVE, and ROVE, though they rhyme to the eye, do not rhyme to the ear, and there is a sufficiency of rhymes to each of these for all practical purposes in poetry. It is better to reconstruct a line, finding another terminal, than to let a false or slovenly rhyme pass.

All obsolete words, many of which are to be found in the old poets, are inadmissible. In professedly imitations of the older poets, they may, of course, be used; but I advise no young writer to attempt such imitations; they would only convey modern thought clothed in an antique garb. The poetry of an age reflects its character, and is a landmark by which we can judge of the condition of the language of the period. Since the ancients

wrote, thousands of words have been incorporated with our language; what necessity, then, to go back to that which was poor and weak, when we have a far richer abundance to glean from? The best poem that could be written in the style of the ancients would be but an imitation after all.

Of words which are exactly the same in sound, but of different meanings, we have many examples;—these are *not rhymes*, and, though the student may point out scores of instances where they have been used by great poets, their use is not the less to be avoided. A great writer may commit a solecism which would not be tolerated by “a ’prentice hand.” To plead precedent for an error is only to perpetuate it. The most used, and, consequently, the most abused of these rhymes, which are no rhymes, is the word “art” with “heart.”

I will furnish the reader, as a matter of curiosity, with a few of the many instances where it has been used by great *authorities*, not one of whom would, I think, were they living, venture to defend it:—

As there is music uninformed by art,
In those wild notes with which a merry heart.—DRYDEN.

Mingling with wonders of profounder art,
Woman’s dear helps to mystify the heart.—CROLY.

Oh! that the chemist’s magic art
Long should it glitter near my heart.—ROGERS.

And fear in every heart
O’ercame the pilot’s art.—ADDISON.

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art!—COLLINE.
Dear lost companion of my tuneful art,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.—GRAY.
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart.—COWPER.
It dies upon my heart. . . .
O, beloved as thou art.—SHELLEY.
If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
I still might press thy silent heart.—REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

Instances like these might be cited *ad infinitum*. The poems from which they are taken are so beautiful that, in them, they become but slight blemishes; but to the beginner, who wishes to command smoothness of versification, and with whom power and passion are yet to be acquired, they ought to be avoided, not imitated.

“Ear” and “hear,” “hair” and “air,” “boy” and “buoy,” “seas” and “seize,” “ale” and “hale,” “vane” and “vein,” and all similar words having the same sound, though of different meanings, are inadmissible.

It may appear unnecessary to warn beginners against *imperfect rhymes*, but, as these pass so frequently undetected in amateur poetry, it may be as well to point some of them out, assuring my readers, however, that I have actually found them in print.

A very frequent oversight is the rhyming of words ending with the letter “n” with those ending with “m,” as “green” with “beam,” “stream” with “seen.” Again,

"more" with "poor," "earth" with "hearth :" these are more than blemishes, they are positive faults, and I should not have alluded to them had I not, as I have said, frequently met with them.

Of double rhymes, formed of compound words, there are hardly any instances. "Wild-wood," to rhyme with "childhood," has done duty in so many modern ballad verses, that it would be as well to avoid it in future : a hackneyed rhyme like this is almost as objectionable using a hackneyed idea.

The greatest care must be taken in forming double and treble rhymes, or the reverse of a pleasing effect will be produced. I recently found, in a poem of great pretension, "Milton" made to rhyme with "guilt on," and, in a comic poem, to rhyme with the cheese called "Stilton." I think both rhymes were on a par with each other. In a young author's first volume I found "Italy" made to rhyme with "bitterly." Now, "Iterly," in the mouth of a public speaker, would condemn him as a thorough cockney. "Armies" with "calm is," was another of the same writer's cockney rhymes. I also found some very *bad* words (for rhymes) used in the poetry of "Good Words," a very successful and popular periodical :—

Come in your beauty of promise;
Let your sun-smile scatter *from us.*

For *examples* of false rhyming, any collection of psalms and hymns in use at most of our churches will supply

you with abundance. I turn over the first few pages of the one before me, and find "feet" rhyming, or rather pretending to rhyme, with "straight;" "love" with "prove;" "lead" with "fade;" "abode" with "God;" "faint" with "pant;" "song" with "tongue;" "clad" with "spread;" "come" with "down;" and scores of similar instances. In some cases rhymes are recklessly abandoned, as in this:—

Upon the glorious cherubim
Full royally he *rode* ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying from *above*.

Elisions that are not admissible are also constantly made use of, as "num'rous," "shew'st," &c.

These psalms and hymns being written to be sung, the falseness of the rhymes becomes more apparent and disagreeable. The examples are given to convince the student how necessary it is that his rhymes should be perfect.

The sound "ou" is one of the most perplexing the poet has to deal with. The word "wound" has often been made to rhyme with "sound;" to pronounce it so in speaking would be to commit a vulgarism, and not to pronounce it so when it occurs in a stanza, would be to abolish the rhyme altogether. It follows, then, that it cannot be properly used as a rhyme to "sound;" "wound" and "swooned" would be correct rhymes, but "swooned" is objectionable from its hissing properties.

Words ending in "ed" are generally the participles of

the regular verbs, of which there are two sorts; one that will admit of the elision of the “e” that precedes the consonant, and one that will not. Those that will admit of the elision should always be used so, as “lov’d,” which must always be used as a single rhyme; the others, that will not suffer the elision, as “to grant,” “to hate,” forming their participles “granted” and “hated,” remain as double rhymes.

The words “flower” and “bower” must also be always used as *single* rhymes (though there is no necessity to print them “flow’r” and “bow’r”), and rhyme with “hour,” “lour,” and the like.

The following elisions, which will frequently be found in the older poets, are not now allowable, viz:—that of the “o” before a noun beginning with a vowel—as t’air, t’every; or before a verb beginning with a vowel, as t’amaze, t’undo, &c.

“Taken” sometimes loses its “k,” as *ta’en*, but should only be used so when quite unavoidable.

Before using a word as a rhyme, be sure to consider if it is pronounced as spelt. Some words are not so pronounced, as “again” (*a-gen*), which ought not to be rhymed with “rain,” “pain,” &c., but with “pen,” “men,” and the other rhymes in “en.”

Walker, whose object was apparently to make a big book, divides rhymes, in his “Dictionary of Rhymes,” into two classes—“perfect” and “allowable rhymes.” This idea I entirely repudiate: a rhyme is a rhyme or it is not.

Lyric poetry should be especially music in words, and perfect harmony admits of no discords.

I cannot agree with him that "whatever has been constantly practised by our most harmonious poets may be safely pronounced to be agreeable to the genius of our poetry," any more than I can when he says, "there seems to be sometimes a beauty in departing from a perfect exactness of rhyme, as it agreeably breaks that sameness of returning sounds on the expecting ears." If the *expecting* ears are *disappointed*, how can it *agreeably* break the sameness? Nor do I think his further defence of this defect is logical when he says, "a want of perfect rhyme, if a *real imperfection*, is fully compensated by gaining access to a more eligible turn of thought; the most exact and harmonious rhyme would be dearly purchased at the expense of the most delicate abatement in the strength and beauty of an expression." Is the more eligible turn of thought, then, to turn poetry into prose? for such it becomes if divested of rhyme. But it is not necessary to abandon a happy turn of thought because a suitable rhyme cannot be hit upon at the moment. Our language is not so poor but that a score of ways may be found to give expression to the same thought, and no false rhyme need remain where an author will give himself the trouble to reconstruct his stanza or his couplet. If many of our poets can, as they do, put the thoughts of others into their own verse, what difficulty need they have in

reconstructing a passage that originates with themselves?

Take a line or two from a very graceful poet recently deceased, to illustrate this; one, too, who was lauded as the most original poet after Tennyson:—

Oh! there are men who linger on the stage
To gather crumbs and fragments of applause.

ALEX. SMITH.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.—JOHNSON.

My head is grey, my blood is young,
Red-leaping in my veins.—ALEX. SMITH.

And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold, &c.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

You need not tinker at this leaking world,
'Tis ruined past all cure.—ALEX. SMITH.

There's something in this world amiss,
Shall be unriddled by-and-by.—TENNYSON.

A tender sadness drops upon my soul,
Like the soft twilight dropping on the world.

ALEX. SMITH.

And leave the world to darkness and to me.—GRAY.

I clasp thy waist, I feel thy bosom's beat—
Oh, kiss me into faintness sweet and dim.

ALEX. SMITH.

I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.—SHELLEY.

Far above his head,
Up there upon the still and mighty night,
God's name was writ in worlds.—ALEX. SMITH.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and
The firmament sheweth his handiwork.—PSALM XIX. iv.

Alas ! the youth,
Earnest as flame, could not so tame his heart
As to live quiet days.—ALEX. SMITH.

Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.—BYRON.

I see no trace of God, till in the night,
While the vast city lies in dreams of gain,
He doth reveal himself to me in heaven :
My heart swells to Him as the sea to the moon ;
Therefore it is I love the midnight stars.—ALEX. SMITH.

Ye stars, which are the poetry of heaven !
If in your brightness we can read the fate
Of men and empires, 'tis to be forgiven
That in our aspirations to be great
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with, &c.—BYRON.

My heart is weak ; as a great globe, all sea,
It finds no shore to break on but thyself.
So let it break.—ALEX. SMITH.

Break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter, &c.

TENNYSON.

Even if these were unintentional imitations, they are

not the less evidence against Walker's dogma, that a false rhyme may be palliated for the sake of preserving an idea. Old Byshe, whose "Art of Poetry" lies in the corner of the room in Hogarth's picture of the Distressed Poet, is more honest; he supposes that "the difficulty of finding rhymes has been the cause that such indifferent ones have been frequently chosen," but he does not defend them.

If we are to admit imperfect rhymes and poetical licenses, then the study of poetry as an art becomes an unnecessary task, and the most random rhymers may take his place beside the most accomplished poet; but it is not so. The very instances Walker has adduced and defended, because, and only because, they have been found in poets of great repute, would not now be tolerated by the most lenient critic, and would assuredly bring down upon the writer who would use them his just reprehension.

It is well, however, that these solecisms have been pointed out to us. As our mariners are indebted to the early voyagers for those charts which mark out the hidden rocks and shoals from which they are to steer clear, so let us regard these rocks ahead which have been stumbled upon by those hardier chiefs who have sounded the unknown depths before us.

What modern writer would dare to pen—

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs their elemental *tea*?—POPE.

a rhyme that would be appropriate in an Irish comic song; as would—

Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of *praise*,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive *ease*.—PARNELL.

Or take the following :—

One sees her thighs transformed; another *views*
Her arms shoot out, and branching into *boughs*.—ADDISON.

Fear not to tax an honourable *fool*,
Whose right it is uncensured to be *dull*.—POPE.

Just to thy fame he gives thy genuine *thought*;
So Tully published what Lucretius *wrote*.—BROOME.

Green wreaths of bay his length of hair *inclose*,
A golden fillet binds his awful *brows*.—DRYDEN.

In praise so just, let every voice be *joined*,
And fill the general chorus of *mankind*.—POPE.

For who did ever in French authors *see*
The comprehensive English energy?—ROSCOMMON.

Did e'er my eye one inward thought *reveal*,
Which angel might not hear, and virgins *tell*?—PRIOR.

Lo, where she sits beneath yon shaggy *rock*,
A cowering shape half hid in curling *smoke*.—WORDSWORTH.

Blemishes like these in standard poets detract nothing from their fame; they have borne the heat and burden of their day, and have their reward in the high estimation in which their posterity holds them; but the beginner must be careful of such trippings: the race is to the

strong, and a fall at first may cause the fleetest to be distanced. No amount of criticism can now remove Pope and Dryden from their pedestals. Granted that these halting lines of theirs are faults,—there are spots in the sun.

There are some words that change their accent when they change the grammatical sense in which they are used, as when a noun becomes a verb. The most perplexing one of all these to the poets appears to have been the word “perfume;” but when the accent of a particular word becomes settled, it should be used as by custom and authority established. Walker has a long note on this word, and points out the various dictionaries where the accent is placed on the last syllable, whether as a substantive or a verb, but he adds: “The analogy of dissyllable nouns and verbs seems now to have fixed the accent of the substantive on the *first*, and that of the verb on the *last*,” and this is now the generally recognized accentuation.

To accent the substantive, as in the following lines by Milton, or the succeeding one by a modern poetess (Mrs. Hemans), would not be correct, according to this decision:—

Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, disperse
Native perfume, and whisper whence they stole
Their balmy sighs.

The sunbeam's glow, the citron flower's perfume.

It must be borne in mind, then, that the noun “perfume—sweet odour, or fragrance,” is accented on the first syllable, as “*perfume*,” while the verb active “perfume—to impregnate with sweet scent,” is accented on the last, as “*perfume*.”

By attending to the above rules, the beginner will soon be enabled to perfect himself in the art of forming rhymes. If his ear should be so faulty that he cannot depend on it, let him write his poem as best he may, putting down the thoughts as they occur to him, without waiting to examine the rhymes; his poem finished, he should then examine and sound them together, each pair of rhymes separately, to see if they perfectly agree. It may be he will find some false rhymes, then the line must be reconstructed, without altering the original sense, if possible.

I give an example to show how this can be accomplished, though I would not presume to alter a line of so distinguished a poet, supposing the poem came under my observation in an editorial capacity; indeed, whatever faults or blemishes may occur in a published poem, there they ought to remain, as far as others are concerned, when they once leave the author’s hands; hence the greater necessity for a strict personal examination.

The example I select shall be the rhyming of “art” to “heart” already referred to. It occurs in a very beautiful lyric by Thomas Davis, the Irish bard, entitled “Darling Nell.”

Why should I not take her into my heart?
She has not a morsel of guile or art:
Why should I not make her my happy wife,
And love her and cherish her all my life?

Which might have been altered thus,—

Why should I not take her into my heart,
And make her mine own, of my life a part ?
Why should I not call her my happy wife,
And love her and cherish her all my life ?

Or,—

Why should I not take her into my heart ?
Not a morsel of guile could her own impart.

which would have been nearer to the original, but not so poetical.

I merely give this example to show how easily alterations can be made, though I am not unmindful of a certain anecdote related of Thomas Moore. "Sir," said to him an amateur vocalist, who had repeated the first part of the tune of one of the Irish Melodies contrary to the notation of the bard, "you perceive the improvements I have made in your song?" "At least," rejoined Moore, "I observe the alterations."

To the beginner I would say, never be afraid of altering, never send out to the world an imperfect poem; keep your manuscript by you as long as you can unpublished, and look at it at intervals; the longer you keep it, the more likely you will be to discover its imperfections, if any exist. Many an established poet has regretted rushing too precipitately into print.

CHAPTER III.

ON RHYTHM.

S I have said, I shall in this treatise abandon all those technical terms which, in the old scholastic treatises, under the heads of "Verification," and "Rules for making verses," have so bothered and bewildered the student, which never made a poet, and which would prescribe art to the condition of a cucumber grown in a tube and generated over a hot-bed.

To those who wish to know when they are employing a Trochee, an Iambus, a Spondee, a Phyrric, a Dactyl, an Amphibrach, an Anapaest, or a Tribrach, there is Mr. Murray to refer to ; the student will be better able to study rhythm by considering the best forms of verse that have been adopted and used by the best poets.

Rhythm, measure, or metre, is the arrangement of a certain number of syllables into lengths, or musical lines, having other lines of the same length, and with precisely the same accent, to correspond with them. These lines may follow each other, or be alternated

with other lines of longer, shorter, or similar lengths, which must also have their corresponding lines.* An elongation of the last line, as in the metre invented by Spenser, called hence the Spenserian stanza, and adopted by Byron in his "Childe Harold," is also admissible.

Each line in poetry consists of a certain number of feet, by which they can be measured or scanned. A foot in poetry is determined by the rise and fall of the accent, as—

In a wild | tranquil vale | fringed with fo | rests of green,
Where na | ture had fash | ioned a soft | sylvan scene;

Another syllable added to the second line of this couplet would not have altered its rhythmical accent, as—

Where kind na | ture had, &c.

The learned Pundits have reduced poetical feet to eight kinds, designated by the terms enumerated above, but if the beginner has no ear, these will not assist him; if he have one, he can easily measure off the feet for himself. †

* There is an exception to this where a foot is dropped in the concluding line, for which see examples of stanzas.

† The following ingenious lines by Coleridge explain the whole system, and are at the service of those who prefer to work by the rule and square :—

In scanning the lines it must be borne in mind that every line must agree perfectly with its corresponding line, not only throughout the stanza, but in every subsequent stanza. In Lyric poetry there ought to be no deviation from this rule.

A very simple plan for the beginner to test his rhythm is for him to find some old tune to which his first stanza will sing *perfectly*, and then to try over the subsequent

METRICAL FEET.

Trochee trips from long to short ;
 From long to long, in solemn sort,
 Slow Spondee stalks ; strong foot ! yet ill able
 Ever to come up with Dactyl trisyllable.
 Iambics march from short to long ;
 With a leap and a bound the swift Anapests throng ;
 One syllable long, with one short at each side,
 Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride ;
 First and last being long, middle short, Amphimacer
 Strikes his thundering hoofs like a proud high-bred racer.

COLEBRIDGE.

The following is the scheme of the feet named. The mark “ denotes a long, and ‘ a short syllable :—

Trochee	- ‘
Dactyl	- ‘ ‘
Spondee	- -
Anapest	‘ ‘ -
Amphimacer	- ‘ -
Iambus	‘ -
Amphibrach	‘ - ‘

verses without varying the accent of the tune. I have seen thousands of printed stanzas, and marked "for music" too, in which to accomplish this would be a simple impossibility.

I will now proceed, still avoiding technicalities, to give the student examples of the various forms of verse and rhythm adopted by the poets, reminding him again, that he is perfectly at liberty to invent a new form of verse, if he can do so correctly, i.e. harmoniously.

In descriptive and narrative poetry, the couplet, i.e. verse in which the consecutive lines rhyme with each other, is the style of verse that has been most used.

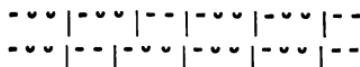
THE HOMERIC HEXAMETER DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

(From the German of Schiller.)

**Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.**

COLE RIDGE

SCHEM.



THE OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE DESCRIBED AND EXEMPLIFIED.

(From the German of Schiller.)

In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column ;
In the Pentametre aye falling in melody back.—COLEBRIDGE.

SCHEME



1.—COUPLETS OF FOUR FEET IN EIGHT SYLLABLES.

When he who called with thought to birth
Yon tented sky—this laughing earth,
And drest with springs the forest dell,
And poured the main engirting all,
Long by the loved enthusiast wooed,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sat with her alone,
And placed her on her sapphire throne.—COLLINS.

2.—COUPLETS OF FIVE FEET IN TEN SYLLABLES.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

GOLDSMITH.

3.—COUPLET OF SEVEN FEET IN FOURTEEN SYLLABLES.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from
Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton
down.—MACAULAY.

4.—COUPLETS OF FOUR FEET IN SEVEN SYLLABLES.

Come, with all thy varied hues,
Come, and aid thy sister muse;

Now Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky.—DYER.

BLANK VERSE is measured language minus the rhymes : the finest specimens are to be found in Milton and Shakspeare.

Some modern professors of elocution and public readers have adopted the plan of reading blank verse as prose, instead of making every line sensible to the ear. Surely the poets who composed in verse intended that their lines should be read as verse, that the melody and the final pause should be preserved ; which it may be without going into the opposite extreme, familiarly known as the “sing-song” style. •

The following illustration is given in an old school treatise on versification, but will serve our purpose as well as any other :—

“ Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden, till one greater man restore us, and regain the blissful seat, sing, heavenly muse ! ”

As an example of blank verse it reads, in its proper form, thus,—

5.—Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man

Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly muse!—MILTON.

The foregoing forms of rhythm are those chiefly adopted in epic poetry. Southey's epics display a great variety of measures, to which the student may refer when he is sufficiently exercised in those I have given.

LYRIC POETRY, and many longer poems which are not lyrics, is written in stanzas, as the "Childe Harold," &c.

6.—SPENSERIAN STANZA.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

BYRON.

As the student ought now be enabled to mark out the feet for himself, in giving specimens of the various forms of stanza, I shall distinguish them by the number of syllables employed in the lines, as 8-6, 8-5, and so on. The examples are taken from various portions of the poems to which they belong, the object being for the student to study the construction of the stanza, and not the subject-matter of the verses.

7.—**STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 6—6.** (*Alternate rhymes.*)

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each virgin like a spring
With honeysuckles crowned.—HERRICK.

8.—**STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 6—10—10—6.** (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?—BRYANT.

9.—**STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 7—7.** (*Alternate rhymes.*)

When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods.—COWPER.

10.—**STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8—6.** (*Alternate rhymes.*)

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields,
The snowy mushroom springs.—CAMPBELL.

11.—**STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8—8, DROPPING THE LAST LINE
TO 6.** (*Alternate.*)

Once in the flight of ages past
There lived a man—and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.—JAS. MONTGOMERY.

12.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

The goats wind slow their wonted way
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.—ROGERS.

13.—ANOTHER (*in couplets*).

That setting sun ! that setting sun !
What scenes, since first his race begun,
Of varied hue its eye hath seen,
Which are as they had never been.—ANON.

14.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

If on windy days the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less she loves her haven
In the bosom of the cliff.—WORDSWORTH.

15.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 10-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

I have stood at morn on the mountain side,
When 'twas bright as a morn may be ;
I have seen the sun in the noonday pride
Of his orient majesty.—ANON.

16.—STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 10-10. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.—GRAY.

17.—**ANOTHER** (*differently accented*).

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.—WOLFE.

18.—**STANZA OF FOUR LINES, 11-11.** (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Oh! tell me no more of the forest and field,
 Old Ocean has breathed a new spirit in me;
 For the landscape, with all its enchantment, must
 yield
 To the nobler expanse of the dark-heaving sea!

ANON.

19.—**ANOTHER** (*in couplets*).

I gazed not alone on that source of my song:
 To all who beheld it these verses belong;
 Its presence to all was the path of the Lord:
 Each full heart expanded, grew warm and adored!

CAMPBELL.

The above thirteen examples will afford the student models enough for the formation of four-line stanzas. The same metres are available for the construction of eight-line stanzas, by carrying the text, or context, into the subsequent four lines; but every complete verse must close with a period.

20.—**STANZAS OF FIVE LINES, 4-8.** (*Alternate and divided triplet.*)

Go, lovely rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,

When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.—WALLER.

21.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-8. (*Divided triplet and suspended rhyme.*)

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

22.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 6-5, AND ONE 12. (*Alternate and divided triplet.*)

Will that clime enfold thee
With immortal air?
Shall we not behold thee
Bright and deathless there?
In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendently more fair?

HEMANS.

23.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 7-5, AND ELONGATED LINE.
(*The same varied.*)

Come, let us go to the land
Where the violets grow;
Let's go thither, hand in hand,
Over the waters, over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow.

BARRY CORNWALL.

24.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-4. (*Divided triplet and suspended rhyme.*)

'Tis when the sigh, in youth sincere,
 And only then,—
 The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
 Is by that one, that only dear,
 Breathed back again!—T. MOORE.

25.—STANZA OF FIVE LINES, 8-4. (*Couplet and triplet.*)

Oh, tread not on a virgin flower!
 I am the maid of the midnight hour;
 I bear sweet sleep
 To those who weep,
 And lie on their eyelids dark and deep.

BARRY CORNWALL.

26.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-4. (*Quadruple and two suspended rhymes.*)

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
 For I maun crush among the stoure
 Thy slender stem;
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.—BURNS.

27.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 6-6. (*Two couplets and a suspended rhyme.*)

Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.—SHAKSPEARE.

28.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-5. (*Rhyme same as last.*)

When glowworm lamps illume the scene,
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing,
Perchance to soothe the Fairy-queen,
With faint sweet tones, on night serene,
Thy soft bells pealing.—ANON.

29.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate and a couplet.*)

For pleasure has not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor.

WORDSWORTH.

30.—STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-6. (*Quadruple and two suspended rhymes.*)

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.—LONGFELLOW.

31.—**STANZA OF SIX LINES, 8-6.** (*One set of rhymes only, alternate.*)

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.—COLERIDGE.

32.—**STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-6.** (*A triplet, a couplet, and suspended rhyme.*)

Oh ! thou art glorious, orb of day;
Exulting nations hail thy ray,
Creation swells a choral lay
To welcome thy return;
From thee all nature draws her hues,
Thy beams the insect's wings suffuse,
And in the diamond burn.—HEMANS.

33.—**STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-8.** (*Alternate, divided triplet, and couplet.*)

Methinks I love all common things ;
The common air, the common flower ;
The dear kind common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love ; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away ?—BARRY CORNWALL.

- 34.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 8-8, WITH ONE 6. (*Alternate, divided triplet, and couplet.*)

Unblest distinction ! showered on me
To bind a lingering life in chains :
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,
Is gone ; but not the subtle stains
Fixed in the spirit ; for even here
Can I be proud that jealous fear
Of what I was remains ?—WORDSWORTH.

- 35.—STANZA OF SEVEN LINES, 7-7. (*Alternate, with a divided triplet, and two short lines rhymed.*)

By a mountain stream, at rest,
We found the warrior lying,
And around his noble breast
A banner clasped in dying ;
Dark and still
Was every hill,
And the winds of night were sighing.

HEMANS.

Of eight-line Stanzas there is a great variety of forms. They may be made of triplets with a suspended couplet, forming the fourth and eighth line, in alternately rhymed lines, in couplets, in six alternate lines and a couplet, and in other ways, as the following examples will show :—

- 36.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-4. (*Two triplets and suspended rhyme.*)

Where the wild torrent flows,
Where the wind rudely blows,

There the dark water goes
Down to the sea;
To the far ocean-caves,
That the sea gently laves,
Seeking its kindred waves,
There to be free!—*ANON.*

37.—**STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-5.** (*Two triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

LONGFELLOW.

38.—**STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 6-6.** (*Two triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

If stranger hands might dare
A wild-flower wreath prepare,
The sweet enthusiast's hair,
Her flowing hair, to bind;
Oh! I would haste to bring
The violets of the spring,
Whose odours scent the wing
Of every passing wind.—*ANON.*

39.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 5-6, TRIPLET OF 6 AND 5.

(*Alternate, triplet, and divided triplet.*)

Stars look o'er the sea
Few, and sad, and shrouded ;
Faith our light must be
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more—our prayer fulfilling—
Power dwells with thee !—HEMANS.

40.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 7-5. (*Triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

By oppressions, woes, and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free !
Lay the proud usurpers low ;
Tyrants fall in every foe ;
Liberty's in every blow ;
Let us do or die !—BURNS.

41.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-7. (*Split triplets, and a couplet.*)

If you are for ever doubting,
If you thus my love revile,
If you are for ever pouting
When I covet most your smile,

All my pretty speeches flouting
 That your coldness would beguile,—
 How can I be kind to you?
 How can I believe you true?

BALLAD STANZA.

42.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Hushed the tempest's wild commotion,
 Winds and waves had ceased their war;
 O'er the wide and sullen ocean
 That shrill sound is heard afar.
And comes it as a note of gladness
 To thy tired spirit? wanderer, tell:
 Or rather, does my heart's deep sadness
 Wake at that sweet sabbath bell?

BISHOP TURNER.

43.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Lo! streams that April could not check
 Are patient of thy rule;
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,
 Loitering in glassy pool;
 By thee, thee only, could be sent
 Such gentle mists as glide,
 Curling with unconfirmed intent
 On that green mountain's side.

WORDSWORTH.

44.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate, and couplets.*)

When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
In-whit, to-whoo! a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKSPEARE.

45.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace:
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star, the star of Bethlehem!

KIRKE WHITE.

46.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 7-8. (*Broken triplet, couplet, and suspended rhyme.*)

Now thy young heart, like a bird,
Singeth in his summer nest;
No evil thought, no unkind word,
No chilling autumn wind hath stirred
The beauty of thy rest:

But winter cometh, and decay
 Shall waste thy verdant home away.
 Then pray, child, pray!—*ANON.*

47.—**STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-4.** (*Triplets, and suspended rhyme.*)

There feed and take thy balmy rest,
 There weave thy little cotton nest,
 And may no cruel hand molest
 Thy timid bride;
 Nor those bright changeful plumes of thine
 Be offered on th' unfeeling shrine,
 Where some dark beauty loves to shine
 In gaudy pride.—*ANON.*

48.—**STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 8-9.** (*Alternate rhymes.*)

His mother from the window looked,
 With all the longing of a mother;
 His little sister, weeping, walked
 The greenwood path, to meet her brother.
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough;
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

LOGAN.

49.—**STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9-8.** (*With triplets.*)

“Now, if I fall, will it be my lot
 To be cast in some low and lonely spot,

To melt and sink unseen and forgot ;
And then will my course be ended ? ”
”T was thus a feathery snow-flake said,
As down through the measureless space it strayed,
Or, as half by dalliance, half afraid,
It seemed in mid-air suspended.—GOULD.

50.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9—9. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

Not a pine in the grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;
Not a beech’s more beautiful green,
But a sweet briar entwines it around,
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
Can more charms than my cattle unfold ;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHENSTONE.

51.—STANZA OF EIGHT LINES, 9—8. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

But thou, proud man ! the beggar scorning,
Unmoved who saw’st me kneel for bread,
Thy heart shall ache to hear that morning,
That morning found the beggar dead ;
And when the room resounds with laughter,
My famished cry thy mirth shall scare,
And often shalt thou wish hereafter,
Thou had’st not scorned the orphan’s prayer.

M. G. LEWIS.

52.—STANZA OF NINE LINES, 10–10. (*A quadruple, alternate, and triplet.*)

Sometimes we scoop the squirrel's hollow cell,
And sometimes carve quaint letters on trees' rind,
That haply some lone musing wight may spell
Dainty Aminta, gentle Rosalind,
Or chasteest Laura—sweetly called to mind
In sylvan solitudes, ere he lies down ;
And sometimes we enrich grey stones with twined
And vagrant ivy, or rich moss, whose brown
Burns into gold as the warm sun goes down.—Hood.

See also the Spenserian Stanza (example, page 29), which is formed by nine lines, eight of ten syllables in five feet, and an extra line of six feet rhyming with the last line.

53.—STANZA OF NINE LINES, 8–7. (*Alternate, split triplet, and couplet.*)

I saw him on the battle eve,
When, like a king he bore him ;
Proud hosts were there, in helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him :
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds—
No daunting thought came o'er him ;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky !

MISS JEWSBURY.

54.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 8-7. (*Couplets, suspended and alternate rhymes.*)

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er;
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.—SOUTHEY.

55.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 8-6. (*Alternate, couplets, and suspended.*)

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemned alike to groan,
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more:—where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.—GRAY.

56.—STANZA OF TEN LINES, 10-8. (*Couplets.*)

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, beauteous May ! that dost inspire
Truth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our earnest song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—MILTON.

57.—STANZA OF ELEVEN LINES, 10-8. (*Suspended, couplets, and triplet.*)

Philosophy, the great and only heir
Of all that human knowledge which has been
Unforfeited by man's rebellious sin,
Though full of years he do appear,
Has still been kept in nonage till of late,
Nor managed or enjoyed his vast estate;
Instead of carrying him to see
The riches which do hoarded from him lie
In Nature's endless treasury,
They close his eye to entertain
With painted scenes and pageants of the brain.

COWLEY.

58.—STANZA OF TWELVE LINES, 10-7. (*Alternate rhymes.*)

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky ;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again.—SHELLEY.

59.—STANZA OF TWELVE LINES, 7-3. (*Couplets and alternate.*)

In his distant cradle nest
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems,
With a glow of heavenly dreams;
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray
For the loved one far away.
Father, guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power,
Lead me there.—HEMANS.

60.—STANZA OF FOURTEEN LINES. (*The Sonnet.**)

Scorn not the Sonnet! Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours: with this key
Shakspeare unlocked the heart; the melody

* It may be as well to caution the student, that every short

Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
·A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glowworm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faëry-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WORDSWORTH.

The student has now before him sixty distinct forms of verse. The examples might be considerably increased; but, if he work diligently in a few of them, he will soon be enabled to form metres for himself. He will observe that though the stanzas are marked 10-6, 8-7, &c., this does not *invariably* denote the number of syllables employed in the construction of the lines, but rather the

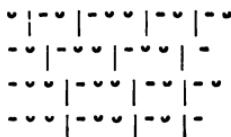
poem of fourteen lines is not necessarily a Sonnet. The strict Sonnet should consist of two quatrains and two tercets, and as much skill is required for the management of the latter as the former. The rhymes of the last six lines are capable of many arrangements; but the plan, so frequently adopted in English sonnets, of making the fifth and sixth (last two lines of the Sonnet) rhyme, is incorrect, as giving the force of an epigram rather than the tenderness and delicacy appertaining to the Sonnet.

number that would be employed, supposing every one was fully accented. As in a bar of music there are notes of different duration, so in a foot in poetry there may be words that are slightly or fully accented: for example, a bar in common time must only contain four crotchets, or notes to the same value, so must the foot in poetry not be continued beyond its proper *quantity* in words or syllables.

It must also be borne in mind that the metre should always be appropriate to the subject treated of. The measure of the following lines, in which the rise and fall of the accent is suggested by the words, will illustrate this:—

The foot of music is on the waters ;
 Hark ! how fairly, sweetly it treads.
 As in the dance of Orestes' daughters,
 Now it advances, and now recedes.

The following is the scheme:—



There are certain metres (not given above) belonging to, and so identified with, particular poems, for which they were invented, that it is not prudent to work in them; as Edgar Poe's "Raven," Campbell's "Hohenlinden," Cowper's lines to Mrs. Unwin, "My Mary," &c. The

best poem that could be written in these metres would only be a parody, or at best, an imitation.

Rhythm will be perfect or imperfect according as the words are correctly or incorrectly accented; for, though the poet may change the accent of a word by the place in which he puts it in a line, he may be assured that the reader will not do so. A few examples of incorrect accent will illustrate this:—

These are my own loved native hills,
Verdant and bright and green ;
And dearly my footsteps love to roam
Each old familiar scene.

Neither of these lines agrees with its corresponding line. You get “verdant” against “each old,” and “and dearly” against “these are.” All the harmony of the verse is destroyed by the lame feet.

Another example, also from a published song:—

I used to dream in *childhood*
Of the gay green wood to-morrow,
And days and nights brought *happiness*,
Without one care or sorrow.

The penultima of the last line disagrees with its fellow, and this infringes one of the canons of poetry.

A few more lines, with their corresponding lines, will be sufficient to warn the student against falling into similar errors:—

Exchange, or Eld, their points discuss,
O'er the remains of geni-us.

Then, let us not mourn that the flower was borne:
She blooms 'neath Mercy's radiant morn.

I would not see thee when thy cheek
Less brilliant was, for the beam
Gone, would make me in sorrow seek
To count the days since thou wert seen.

NOTE.—Mr. George L. Craik, whose position, as “Professor of History and of English Literature,” in Queen’s College, Belfast, entitles him to respectful consideration, has stated, in his “English of Shakspeare,” a somewhat strange, and I venture to think, very original theory. He says, “The mechanism of verse is a thing altogether distinct from the music of verse. The one is a matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling.” If this be so, and the taste and feeling are not expressed in accordance with the “matter of rule,” what becomes of the music? “But, then,” says Mr. Craik, “music is not an absolute necessity of verse. There are cases in which it is not even an excellence or desirable ingredient,” and it is upon this that I must beg to join issue with him.* He adds, “No rules can be given for the production of music;” and if by the “production” he means the “composition” of music, in the same sense that he means the making of poetry, to this I

* “The poet, briefly described, is he whose existence constitutes a new experience, who sees life newly, assimilates it emotionally, and contrives to utter it *musically*. His qualities, therefore, are triune. His sight must be individual, his reception of impressions must be emotional, and his utterance *must be musical*; deficiency in any one of these qualities is fatal to his claims for office.”—*David Gray and other essays*.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The last example outrages both rhyme and metre, but it is, alas! a “modern instance” of Magazine poetry (?)

reply, that no music can be composed unless by rule, governed by the laws of harmony, which are fixed and defined, as, no doubt, the Professor of that art at Queen's College, Belfast, would have told his learned colleague, had he taken the trouble to inquire. Mr. Craik, however, in a sentence a little further on, contradicts himself, for he continues, “The mechanical law, or form, is universally indispensable. It is that which constitutes the verse. It may be regarded as the substance ; musical character, as the accident or ornament.” This is not so. However fine might be the words employed, the sentiments expressed, unless the mechanical law is complied with, a discord would be produced, and there would be no music. It is the harmony of the line, as expressed by the “mechanical law or form,” that makes the music, i.e. makes the perfect verse.



CHAPTER IV.

ON STYLE.

STYLE, in poetry, must always remain a matter of individual taste and feeling. As there is no positive standard of beauty, so is there no arbitrary test of art; but there are certain conventional forms which we accept as substitutes, and certain models by which we are enabled to make comparisons.

It is generally admitted that poetry differs from prose and the ordinary language of conversation, not alone by the measures and rhymes which constitute its outer framework, but by those figures of speech, metaphors, images, and lingual ornaments by which it is embellished. Wordsworth alone, of all our poets, has endeavoured to establish a different doctrine, and to recommend that poetry should be formed “as far as possible of a selection of the language really spoken by men.” This would be to form mere rhyme; and where this plan has been adopted, we at once see the distinction between good poetry and bald verse. Wordsworth himself was too much of a poet to carry out, in the greater part of his writings, his own plan.—

Much did it taunt the humbler Light
That now, when day was fled, and night
Hushed the dark earth—

is not the sort of language “really *spoken* by men ;” nor do men in ordinary conversation use such exclamations as “And lo !” “Much did it,” “Maternal Flora,” “Behold the mighty morn,” “Ah me !” “Forth sprang,” “Thou knowest,” “Fame tells,” “Hail, orient conquerer !” all of which are proper to poetry, and occur within a few pages of one of Wordsworth’s numerous volumes.

Again, in ordinary conversation, and in elegant prose writing, a man says all that he has got to say upon a subject, explaining it clearly and precisely; but in poetry the effect is produced, not so much by what is expressed in absolute words, as by what the words suggest, by the ideas which they convey, and the feelings and associations that may spring from them. Poetry should excite emotion in the breast of the reader, and to effect this the poet must lift him into the realms of imagination, dazzling him by its grandeur; or he must open his heart to him, and by tenderness, grace, fancy, feeling, and pathos, awake in that of his reader a kindred spell.

The styles of poetry are various. For FIRE, DASH, ACTION, Scott may be taken as an example. Scott, inspired by the olden ballads, of which he was an enthusiastic student, selected for his ground a field that had long lain fallow. He brushed the cobwebs

off the past, regilded the knight's armour, unfolded the moth-eaten banner, called up the echoes of the clang of arms, lit up the ancient banquet hall, and revived the picturesque splendour, the pomp and pride of antique chivalry. His poems were chiefly written in couplet lines of eight syllables, in four feet. If they excited no tender emotions, they kept the heart beating: beauty and bravery was their theme, and what appeals so directly and at once to the hearts of Englishmen? For poems embodying historic recollections, they may be studied with advantage.

Manners, customs, scenery, and costume enter into this class of composition, as does dialogue (not dramatic), introduced by connecting words, as "Thus spake," &c. These poems partake of the character of the historical novel, and are known as the "metrical chronicle," or "chivalrous romance." As in Scott, they may be lightened and embellished by the introduction of shorter lyrics, like the songs incidental to an opera, which illustrate while they serve to carry on the plot.

STRENGTH AND VIGOUR is nowhere to be found more strikingly displayed than in the writings of Lord Byron. He must, however, be studied for style, and not weighed by the great law of ethics. In his works will be found the highest flashes of poetical genius; his muse is a bright, brilliant, fascinating beauty; but, like all beauties devoid of virtue, her spells are dangerous. Byron's descriptive powers—what the Germans call word-painting

—were enormous. “The Eve of the Battle,” beginning, “There was a sound of revelry by night,” from the “Childe Harold,” will alone serve to convince the student of what poetry is capable of achieving in bringing an enacted scene to the mind’s eye of the reader.

GRANDEUR is a quality in poetry not to be achieved by a minor bard, and not to be found in many who have been, by common consent, classed among the major ones. The grandest of all poets in diction is Shakspeare; and for his subjects, Milton. The lines in Shakspeare, “The cloud-capt towers,” convey the greatest idea of vastness and grandeur it is possible to conceive. The “Paradise Lost,” which contains many weak lines, has, on the other hand, some of the grandest in the language. Shakspeare and Milton will scarcely be emulated by those who have need of a handbook of poetry; but, as the merest tyro in drawing ought to copy from the purest and severest models of the art, so ought Shakspeare and Milton to be attentively read by all who even dream of clothing their thoughts in verse.

FANCY, SWEETNESS, AND MELODY find their exponent in Thomas Moore. Moore is all honey; he almost cloyes you with his excessive sweetness. To listen to his poetry is as if some one should take you into a conservatory where there was the perfume of the toilet added to the natural odour of the flowers. It is as a Lyric Poet that he should be chiefly studied. No poet ever more thoroughly ran through every change of the lyre than Thomas

Moore. He entirely understood what a song ought to be—a speciality. Its theme may be varied; it may be patriotic, it may be bacchanal, it may be a lay of love, or it may be descriptive of your mistress's eyebrow, or of a ruined abbey, but it must contain a *sentiment*, the picture must call up some feeling, call back some memory. Mere description won't do; there must be something that causes a thrill of emotion to vibrate in the heart. Take Moore's descriptive songs. What can be more descriptive than "The meeting of the waters?" You seem to realize the scene, and yet how admirably the sentiment is blended with it.

"Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill;
Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still.

As the art of song-writing will be more particularly alluded to in a subsequent chapter, it is unnecessary to pursue the subject further here. Sweetness, tenderness, and expression may be attained without the great elaboration which these qualifications have obtained at the hands of Moore.

RURAL IMAGERY has never been carried to greater perfection than in the songs and lyrics of Robert Burns. Of Burns it has been said, "His conceptions were all original, his thoughts were all new and weighty, his style unborrowed, and he owes no honour to the subjects which his Muse selected, for they are ordinary, and such as would have tempted no poet, save himself, to sing

about."* He turned his eyes to lowly objects—the mountain daisy, the poor field-mouse, the wounded hare, &c., and proved by the magic of his genius that among the lowliest are still the holiest of things. For natural objects and their associations, Burns is the best model that can be studied. Many other writers have accurately described rural scenery, but where they have done so without imagery, their poetry has not endured; it has bordered too closely on descriptive *verse* to be acknowledged as poetry.

PATHOS AND SENTIMENT, combined with a tone of melancholy, tempered by sweetness, are the attributes of most of our lady writers, the chief of whom, as regards modern verse, is Mrs. Hemans. To the writings of this lady more youthful poets and poetesses owe their inspiration than to any recent writer. Domestic troubles, the home affections, and other kindred subjects, formed the groundwork of many of her poems. The student must, however, be cautioned against giving his verses a tone of morbid sentimentality. The object of true poetry is akin to that of true religion, to make us happier and more contented in our stations, and not to feel with Rogers, in those much banquized lines of his,—

There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not if I could be gay.

* Allan Cunningham.

Mrs. Hemans displays considerable originality in her phraseology, and her rhythms are varied and ingenious, while the religious tone of her verses make them suitable models for imitation.

SMOOTHNESS AND EXPRESSION are exemplified in Pope to a degree that amounts to perfection; for the liquid flow of his versification, the harmony of his numbers, the model poet of all times, he has never been surpassed by those who have succeeded him. But Pope must be studied for his skill in execution. He appeals more to the ear than to the heart, and nowhere lifts us into the realms of imagination, or thrills us with a wild dream of passion, as does Byron, and others who have caught much of his facility, and beautified and embellished his style. Completeness of design, terseness of diction, pleasing images, sweetness of verse, and strong reflective good sense, form the chief qualities of his writings; but we look in vain for pathos. As "the master of the school" of correctly rhymed language, it is to Pope that we must turn for the most valuable lessons in the art.

IMAGERY has been crowded into modern verse to an extent that has, in many cases, rendered it obscure; yet imagery, used with discretion, is the chief thing that constitutes the difference between poetic and prosaic language. Alfred Tennyson and Alexander Smith have indulged in an over-crowding of images that has led them into a mannerism of phraseology by no means acceptable to the admirers of pleasing verse. By their

subtlety of thought they have rendered their writings acceptable to the scholar and deep thinker, but they have excluded themselves from that larger and outer world, the general public, by which a great and widespread reputation can alone be made and retained. Reading their poetry is like gold-seeking: you are so intent on picking out the nuggets, that you care little for their surroundings. There are plenty of pleasing images in Burns, but we don't lose the beauty of the setting in the dazzle of the gems. As a study of how image upon image may be crowded into verse, and of what imagery in poetry is, these writers may be consulted with advantage.

SATIRE is a dangerous weapon in the hands of a poet, and the proverb about "edged tools" should always be remembered by those who indulge in it.* Few writers of satirical verse have not found reasons for wishing that much that they had perpetrated could be *unwritten*. There is, moreover, in writing satire, a tendency to indulge in that which is fatal to all poetry — vulgarity. For any permanent reputation that can be gained by writing satire, the time is usually thrown away; the objects satirized pass into oblivion, and with them the satire they called forth. Swift, who united the coarsest of matter with the smoothest of verse, may be regarded as the greatest satirical poet; yet few would covet the sort of notoriety, which, though a celebrity, is scarcely fame, that posterity has bestowed upon this writer.

Satire requires to be written in the most polished verse.

Satire in doggerel debases the satirist beneath the matter satirized, however mean or low it may be.

Swift, Pope in "The Dunciad," Gifford in "The Baviad," and Byron's "English Bards," are the works to be consulted by the would-be satirist.

WIT AND HUMOUR differ from satire, inasmuch as they are pleasing and humanizing, while the latter is caustic and cutting; yet both may be written under the generic title of comic verse. Wit and humour, however, differ from each other, as they both differ from satire. A few moments devoted to the consideration of this distinction, and the authorities that can be brought to bear upon it, may be useful to the student in this branch of the poetic art.

Some writers place "wit" above "humour" in the scale of mental qualification, and some reverse the proposition. "Wit," Bulwer Lytton makes one of his characters observe, "is the philosopher's quality, humour, the poet's; the nature of wit relates to things, humour to persons; wit utters brilliant truths, humour delicate deductions from the knowledge of individual character." This I believe to be pretty near the truth, as we accept the terms at the present time, when comparing one man's writing with another's; though, after all,—

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

And there are in the world those hard, dry, and mecha-

nical geniuses, that all wit and humour is a mystery to them.

Dryden explained wit to be "a propriety of thoughts and words," or, in other words, only giving a general character of all good writing; while Congreve, who was both a wit and a humorist, modestly confessed, "we cannot tell what wit and humour are."*

Another expositor, who places humour above wit, says, "It is felt to be a higher, finer, and more genial thing than wit, or the mere ludicrous. It is the combination," he suggests, "of the laughable with an element of tenderness, sympathy, warm-heartedness, or affection." "Now, wit sweetened by a kind loving expression, becomes humour. Men who have little tenderness in their nature, or whose language and manners are destitute of soft, warm, and affectionate feeling, cannot be humorists, however witty they may be." There is no humour, as this writer understands the term, in Butler, Pope, Swift, Dryden, or Ben Jonson.

Wit may be soured as well as sweetened, and satire and irony used unsparingly may produce a painful impression, and deprive those who use them of any pretension to be considered as humorists.

* The reader is referred to an elaborate article, illustrative of "Barrow on Wit," in the "New Monthly Magazine," for March, 1857, to which the author is indebted for some of the authorities quoted, and to the author of which he acknowledges his obligations for some of the opinions he has adopted.

There is little doubt that wit was originally the general term for all the intellectual powers—the faculties which see, know, and understand, and was gradually narrowed to its present signification to express merely the resemblance between ideas and the blending of them so as to cause a surprise to the understanding.

According to this view “wit exists by antipathy, humour by sympathy; wit laughs *at* things, humour with them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates foibles into character; humour glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it details, and represents the whole man.” To illustrate this by some names the reader is well acquainted with, Jerrold and Thackeray are wits, Goldsmith and Dickens humorists.

“Wit is abrupt, darting, scornful, and tosses its analogies in your face; humour is slow, and insinuates its fun into your heart.” If we accept these definitions, a man of talent may be a wit, but a genius can alone be a great humorist.

Among the modern definitions of wit, that of Leigh Hunt may be quoted. He says, “Wit may be defined to be the arbitrary juxtaposition of dissimilar ideas for some lively purpose of assimilation or contrast, generally of both.” He calls it “the clash and reconciliation of incongruities; the meeting of extremes round a corner; the flashing of an artificial light from one object to another, disclosing some unexpected resem-

blance or connection. It is the detection of likeness in unlikeness, of sympathy in antipathy, or the extreme points of antipathy themselves, made friends by the very merriment of their meeting. The form or mode is comparatively of no consequence, provided it give no trouble to the comprehension; and you may bring as many ideas together as can pleasantly assemble. But a single one is nothing; two ideas are as necessary to wit as couples are to marriages, and the union is happy in proportion to the agreeableness of the offspring."

Had Leigh Hunt been writing of Thomas Hood, he could not have more aptly summed up his special qualities in this branch of his art, for I look upon Hood as one of the greatest wits of the age. So determined was he in his propensity to "reconcile incongruities," to make words of opposite meaning clash and yet combine,—in other words, so inveterate a punster was he, that he did not scruple to bring even repulsive and disagreeable things to bear upon his subject, such as suicide, murder, death, and the grave; but, it must be added, never in a mocking spirit, nor with an unworthy motive.

Hazlitt has admirably pointed out where the danger of representing serious matters in a comic light actually lies. He says, "Surprise at perceiving anything out of its usual place, where the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger, is always pleasurable, and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances

of danger becomes tragic; in other words, while the mere suddenness of transition, the mere baulking our expectations, and turning them suddenly into another channel, seems to give additional liveliness and gaiety to the animal spirits, the instant the change is not only sudden, but threatens serious consequences, or calls up the shape of danger, that instant is our disposition to mirth superseded by terror, and laughter gives place to tears."

Thomas Hood, James and Horace Smith, the "Ingoldsby Legends" (Barham), and Mr. W. M. Thackeray's Ballads, afford ample scope in which to study the various rhythms and methods adopted by the writers of wit and humour.

Having pointed out the various styles that predominate in the poetry of certain writers, the student must observe that they all enter more or less into every class of metrical composition; and it is by a happy blending of all these essential qualifications that anything like eminence can be attained. He will probably lean to some particular one, according to the bent of his own inclination, or the requirements of the subject upon which he proposes to treat; but not the less should they all be carefully studied and considered.

Not less in poetry than in prose writing is perspicuity an essential element; it is that which gives clearness of diction, while the choice of words gives elegance of phraseology. The requirements of poetry will generally determine the length of the sentences; but, as inversion

of language is frequently resorted to for the sake of a rhyme, it must be used with the greatest care, and very slightly, or obscurity will be sure to result.

As an instance of inversion of language, and the danger arising from it, take the following from the well-known psalm commencing, “My soul, praise the Lord; speak good of his name:”—

His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full sure,
Which, as his chariots, are made him to bear;
And there, with much swiftness, his course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding, of winds in the air;

from the ludicrous effect of which even its sacred character does not permit us to escape.

The confusion of the Tenses (by which is meant, in grammar, the distinction of time) is one of the most frequent errors into which young writers are apt to fall. For instance, you may frequently meet with a stanza beginning in the perfect tense, such as—

I have loved thee, maiden, dearly,
For thy smiles with bliss were fraught;

and then going off into the imperfect tense, thus:—

Yes! I loved her for her beauty,
Never absent from my thought.

The reader will say “this is doggerel,” and with truth; but it is better to write grammatical doggerel than to sacrifice both sense and grammar.

Here is another verse from a song:—

Thou hast sworn my bride to be, love,
And my word to thee is passed ;
All my hopes are fixed on thee, love,
You may trust me to the last.

“Thou hast” is in the second person singular of the indicative mood, present tense, of the auxiliary verb “to have.” “Thou may’st,” being also an auxiliary verb in the same tense, ought to have been used here instead of “you may,” which is only used in the plural in this tense.

The constant use of the auxiliary verb, as in the lines,—

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice ;

must be avoided as a vulgarism, not now to be tolerated in elegant verse. In brief, the rules of grammar must be as strictly followed in poetry as in prose; and unless the beginner has mastered his own language, he will have but little chance of succeeding in that of the Muses’ and the Graces’.

CHAPTER V.

ON ORNAMENT.

POETRY is ornamented by tropes, imagery, figures, similes, and metaphors. A metaphor is the application of a word to another use than that its original meaning implies; it is also called in poetry a "figure of speech," or a simile. The use of metaphor is likewise called imagery, since it likens one thing to another which it is not, but with which it will bear a comparison, and thus turn what would be a homely phrase into an apt poetical conceit.

Figurate language is of very ancient date; the most barbarous nations use it, and it seems to be as natural to the untutored savage as it is attainable by the most accomplished linguist. An address of condolence recently sent to Her Majesty the Queen, on the lamented demise of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, by the native New Zealand chiefs, was as full of imagery as many of the finest poems in our language. What better proof that it is grateful to the perceptive faculties of man, since it is not so much the result of civilization, as the carrying out of one of

those grand principles for which language, in its unbounded variety, was given to us.

For an author to say, “I reaped my harvest early in the day,” in allusion to his having been rewarded for his efforts early in life, would be for him to use a metaphor; he reaped no harvest in the harvest-field, but no one can mistake the meaning. “I made my money in my early days” would be the plain English of it, and correspond with the sentence in rhythm, but what would become of the *poetry*?

Metaphors should never be crowded together, as I have before explained; it is difficult for the mind to grasp a number of brilliant objects presented in quick succession.

METAPHOR is founded on comparison: in contradistinction to it is ANTITHESIS, one of the most useful figures in poetry, since it is the contrast or opposition of two objects. Light and shade are always charming in a picture, whether the medium producing it be the pencil or the pen.

As an example of antithesis we cannot improve on that selected in the old familiar volume of our schoolboy days,—

Tho' deep, yet clear ; tho' gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong, without rage ; without o'erflowing, full.

APOSTROPHE can be used but seldom in poetry. It is the turning off from the regular course of the subject to address some person or thing, as “Oh, death! where is thy sting?” Here is an example from Mrs. Hemans:—

And his cold still glance on my spirit fell
With an icy ray and a withering spell—
 Oh ! chill is the house of sleep !

In these lines we have the metaphor “icy ray” as well as the apostrophe.

Here is another example:—

Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with Him that bower of blessedness—
 Love ! thy sole home is heaven !

ALLEGORY is more a style of writing in itself than an ornament introduced into poetry. An allegory is, however, sometimes admitted in the course of a long poem. It may be described as a sustained metaphor, or the carrying out of an idea by one set of objects that are made to represent others. It is considered by modern writers to be an inflated style of composition, and is not frequently resorted to.

HYPERBOLE is a figure applied to exaggeration, to express where an object is magnified beyond its natural bounds. Many examples might be given with weighty names attached, but the careful student need scarcely be warned against falling into this error. Here is one example, from an elegantly printed volume of poems, picked up at a book-stall:—

Oh ! minstrel ! never sing again
Such *plaintive notes* unto me ;
They make me *deem this world a den*
Of fiends who aye pursue me.

TROPS AND IMAGERY also consist in an idea, or a set of ideas, being expressed by other objects than themselves, but with which they are associated in the imagination of the poet, and familiarly conveyed to the mind of the reader.

The following are some of the best examples to be found in modern verse:—

It was his nature
To blossom into song, as 'tis a tree's
To leaf itself in April.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweep,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze ?

S. T. COLERIDGE.

His soul was rich ;
And this his book unveils it, as the night
Her panting wealth of stars.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

Some maid of the waters, some naiad, methought
Held me dear in the pearl of her eye.—THOMAS HOOD.

And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
To the rich breeze of song.—MRS. HEMANS.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind.—KEATS.

One who shall hallow poetry to God
And to his own high use ; for poetry is
The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I saw the skirts of the departing year.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Oh, star-eyed science ! hast thou wandered there ?

T. CAMPBELL.

Along the pebbled shore of memory.—KEATS.

A solitary swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave.—T. HOOD.

O'er their low pastoral valleys might the tide
Of years have flowed !—MRS. HEMANS.

What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower ?—TENNYSON.

Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
A little heaven, above dissension's reach.—CAMPBELL.

The stars among the branches hang like fruit ;
So, hopes were thick within me.—ALEXANDER SMITH.

With trumpet-voice thy spirit called aloud.

MRS. HEMANS.

In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year.—CAMPBELL.

We coursed about
The subject most at heart, more near and near,
Like doves about a dovecote, wheeling round
The central wish, until we settled there.—TENNYSON.

Then in the boyhood of the year.—TENNYSON.

Repentant day
Frees with his dying hand the pallid stars
He held imprisoned since his young hot dawn.

Now watch with what a silent step of fear
They'll steal out one by one, and overspread
The cool delicious meadows of the night.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

I was a cloud
That caught its glory from a sunken sun,
And gradual burned into its native grey.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

The ghost of one bright hour
Comes from its grave and stands before me.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

The garrulous sea is talking to the shore ;
Let us go down and hear the greybeard's speech.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

In contradistinction to the foregoing "gems of thought," it may be as well to point out, in a few examples, what is meant by *prosaic* lines :—

She listened to the sound,
Till almost out of breath.

The summer's sun is shining down
With its accustomed heat.

But now my lovers all are gone,
The harp I cannot bear.

Thy cheeks are like the Christmas rose
Instead of that of June;
The tear-drop trembles in thine eyes;
Thy voice seems out of tune.

The battle there they nobly won,
And though their loss was great,
 Their strength maintained them in the fight,
Nor did their zeal abate.

But enough of *such* examples. I would not wound the tender susceptibilities of the most harmless bard. I only hope that those who do me the favour to study my "handbook" will do better.

COMPOUND WORDS are among the most graceful ornaments that poetry is capable of receiving. A few of them, selected from the standard poets, may be useful to the young student, but it would be better that he should, in all cases, invent new ones for himself.

Book-world	applied to	the world of letters, literary society.
Bright-haired	"	light, flaxen hair.
Blood-nursed	"	brought up in cruelty.
Battle-cloud	"	the smoke of a battle.
Bosom-child	"	the child of our love.
Crimson-mouthed	"	shells.
Chilly-fingered	"	early spring.
Chain-drooped	"	a lamp suspended by a chain.
Deep-damasked	"	darkly red.
Evening-lighted	"	dimly lit by twilight.
Ever-fleeting	"	passing away.
Flower-like	"	fragile as a flower.

Full-brimmed	applied to	a glass filled to the brim.
Fountain-foam	"	the foam of a fountain.
Gold-haired (<i>see</i> Bright-haired.)		
Golden-winged	applied to	truth, in metaphor.
Gold-tinted	"	gold-coloured.
Hedge-grown	"	wild flowers.
Horror-smitten	"	frightened, terrified.
Incense-pillowed	"	sleeping amid flowers.
Joy-giver	"	something that imparts joy; wine.
King-thought	"	a noble thought.
Love-lorn	"	pining for love.
Love-tune	"	the air of a love song.
Meadow-sweet	"	teeming with perfume of wild flowers.
Mist-shroud	"	a light cloud or fog.
Music-swell	"	prolonged sound.
Mild-minded	"	melancholy, gentle.
Moon-led	"	lit by the moon.
Passion-panting	"	breast heaving with pas- sion.
Plume-like	"	waving like a plume; to foliage.
Purple-stained	"	coloured purple; to fruit.
Rose-wreathed	"	wearing a wreath of roses.
Rose-hued	"	coloured like a rose.
Rosy-lipped	"	with red lips; also to shells.
Slumber-parted	"	lips parted in sleep.

Sun-kissed	applied to	fruit ripened by the sun.
Sweet-breathed	"	giving perfume; to flowers.
Sabre-like	"	cutting, sharp; to truth.
Silver-toned	"	soft, sweet of tone.
Smooth-lipped	"	fawning, persuasive.
Sun-steeped	"	bathed in sunshine.
Silver-chiming	"	sweet sounding; to bells.
Soul-struck	"	sudden love.
Sun-bright	"	bright as sunshine.
Travel-stained	"	soiled by travel.
Thatched-roofed	"	roofed with thatch.
Tavern-hours	"	late hours.
Thought-rapt	"	in study.
Tear-dimmed	"	obscured by tears; the eye.
Vine-encircled	"	surrounded by vines.
Vine-clad	"	clothed by vines; trees, walls, &c.
World-worn	"	worn by care.
Wave-worn	"	worn away by the sea.
Willow-veiled	"	hidden by willows; a stream.
Wind-scattered	"	scattered by the wind.
Wild-eyed	"	with quick, glancing eyes.
Wood-note	"	the song of a bird.

CHAPTER VI.

ON SONG WRITING.

HE first attempt of almost every young writer being a song, a ballad, or a set of "words for music," a few words of warning and advice on this subject may not be out of place: it is therefore appended, together with a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of this branch of literary composition. It is very easy to make fair verses, but it is not very easy to make a song. Many of our best poets have tried it and failed, while not a few of our best songs have been written by comparatively uneducated men; in this case, however, it has been rather an inspiration than a composition. Very many persons consider a song a trifling thing because it is short; they forget the compression that is necessary to combine closeness of thought, simplicity, pathos, and music. The song-writer should be the conjuror who can put a quart into a pint bottle; in other words, he should distil his thoughts and only bottle the spirit. Burns has somewhere said, that "those who consider a song a trifle easy to be written, should set themselves down and try."

Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall) has said that "a song may be considered as the expression of a sentiment, varying according to the humour of the poet. It should be fitted for music, and should, in fact, be better for the accompaniment of music, otherwise it cannot be deemed essentially a song." Dr. Mackay says, "A song should be like an epigram, complete and entire; it should give voice to one prevailing idea; be short and terse, and end with the natural climax of the sentiment."

I cordially agree with both these opinions, but there is something more required in the mechanical construction of a song. It must be vocal—that is to say, it must contain no unsingable words, no hissing consonants or closed sounds, that would shut up the singer's mouth; and, above all, each part or verse must agree with the others.

In writing for music, then, avoid as much as possible words beginning with the hissing consonant "s," except where followed by the open vowel "o," as in "sound," &c.

Sound, sound the trumpet boldly,
would be a very good line for music, while—

Sing, sing the song sorrow,
would be a very bad one.

The word "wish" is also one of the most unpleasant in the mouth of both singer and speaker.

The origin of English song, as we understand a song,

cannot be traced farther back than the time of Elizabeth; indeed, as Ristin, the best authority on the subject, observes, "Not a single composition of that nature, with the smallest degree of merit, can be discovered at any preceding period." Amply, however, did Shakspeare and Ben Jonson make up for lost time, for they gave us songs which have never been surpassed to the present period. The revolution of 1660 was not a period favourable to this class of composition, but at the Restoration a galaxy of lyric poets appeared—Herrick, Lovelace, Suckling, and others, whose writings the student will do well to study.

Probably the decline of healthy and nervous English verse may be attributed to the turncoat and shuttlecock Dryden, who, although he had much learning and a cultivated taste, turned the Muses into waiting-maids, and wore plush himself for the sake of the crumbs that might fall from the tables of his rich patrons. Indeed it has been said, with much truth, that since his time "true feeling degenerated and nature really gave way to art." The time, however, came when all this was to be righted. Burns, the greatest of all lyric poets, lived and sung, and by his side were many worthy singers. Ireland gave us Sheridan and Moore, and England Dibdin.

It must be borne in mind that all short lyrics are not songs, although all songs are lyrics. Our language contains thousands of charming lyrics which were never

intended for music, and which would not be improved by being set to music; there are lyrics written to be read and lyrics written to be sung. The latter are, or ought to be, songs; in too many cases they are so many superficial inches of prose, cut into lengths and rounded at the ends—made, in fact, as they make lucifer matches, by machinery. It is to be hoped that a careful study of the foregoing pages may lead to some improvement in this respect, by teaching the tyro what are the responsibilities of the poet.

As regards the themes suitable for song, it was long considered that Love, War, and Wine were the only allowable ones, and until recent times such was the case in practice. We owe it to our female poets that this barrier has been thrown down, though our German cousins have long considered pastoral and home themes to be fitting subjects for song. Goethe, who wrote many pieces corresponding to our modern songs, says, "The world is so large, and life so varied, that there can never be a dearth of occasions for poems. All poems ought to be occasional pieces, that is to say, real life ought to furnish the occasion and the material. A speciality becomes general and poetical in the hands of the poet. All my poems are occasional pieces; they are prompted by and rooted in real life. Let no one say that reality lacks poetical interest, for a poet, if he be a real poet, ought to invest commonplace subjects with interest. Reality furnishes the beautiful and life-like in creation."

Closely approximating to the song, and considered by the uninitiated to be the same thing, is the ballad, not the old metrical ballad chronicling the deeds of the hero, or the feats of chivalry accomplished by the ancients, of which "Chevy Chase" and the Robin Hood ballads are a sample, but the short poem suitable for music, in which a little story is told, rather than a sentiment deftly put. This is a style of composition much in vogue and approved of by many composers, as giving them an opportunity of displaying variety in musical treatment which cannot be indulged in when setting lines which form strictly a song. Thus, it will be observed, our shorter lyric poetry divides itself into three classes:—1st, the short fugitive poem not suitable for music, written to be read only; 2ndly, the song embodying a sentiment or conceit; and 3rdly, the ballad, or short narrative poem.

Burns is one of the best writers that can be studied for song writing, because his songs are natural and unaffected, and they combine withal a quiet pathos that at once comes home to the heart; they are, moreover, thoroughly manly and independent. As Cunningham said of him, "all he has written is distinguished by a happy carelessness, a fine elasticity of spirit, and a singular felicity of expression. Careless yet concise, he sheds a redeeming light on all he touches; whatever his eye glances on rises into life and beauty."

The songs of Charles Dibdin, though immensely

popular in their day, must be studied with a qualification. To say that he has not written many manly and noble strains, would be to assert that which is not true. I admit that he was actuated by a high and generous feeling, as expressed in his writings, though not borne out by his personal career; but I cannot discover that elevated tone which his editors and admirers claim for him. To me his preaching seems to be of the late Bo'sen Smith order; but we must make this allowance, that a rough audience required a rough style of song, and Dibdin, making his sailors speak for themselves, by writing many of his songs in the first person, adopted their language. This, however, constitutes no claim for him to be considered the first of British song writers. The introduction of the verbiage of the forecastle was not necessary to produce a perfect sea-song: witness Campbell's noble ode, "Ye Mariners of England," Prince Hoare's "Arethusa," Cunningham's "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail," George Alexander Stevens's "Cease, rude Boreas," and Andrew Cherry's "Bay of Biscay," all smelling of tar, and dashing and splashing their harmonious flow, like the rush of the blue waters they celebrate.

Thomas Campbell's naval songs are masterpieces of composition; while his longer poems will always be cherished with pleasure by the scholar and the student, his songs will always find an echo in the hearts of the people. "His words, rapid and glowing with martial

vigour, still flow along with a liquid harmony of versification; only Burns in his ‘Bruce’s Address,’ and Scott in his ‘Donieul Dhu,’ can be compared with Campbell in the strong and passionate energy of his patriotic lays.”* Some of Campbell’s metres are new and striking. What a grand swell there is in that torrent of verse, “The Battle of the Baltic.” The student will observe the peculiar elongation of the fifth line, balanced by the short one at the end, like a suspended chord in music that is not instantly resolved, and yet when it is, the harmony is full, complete, and agreeable. Indeed in this song Campbell has applied a rule of musical composition in the construction of a written verse.

Again, in “Hohenlinden,” we have a new form of verse, frequently imitated, but invented by Campbell; and yet again, in “Ye Mariners of England,” how the peculiar construction of the verse adds to the glory of the song; and that reiteration of the last line, which is not a chorus, but a sort of rebound of the sentiment, which brings up every verse as with the clang and clash of cymbals. I think we may take Campbell’s songs as the standard by which we may measure all songs. If I do not place him above Burns, it is because I would not place a diamond cut and polished by skill and art, before a flower formed and beautiful by the hand of Nature. What Campbell accomplished others may accomplish,

* Cunningham.

but no mortal can *learn* to do what Burns did. Campbell is a brilliant of the first water.

I have already, in the chapter devoted to style, alluded to the characteristics of Thomas Moore, the first of modern song writers; it is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat them here. It was Moore's good fortune to restore a meaning and expression to the language of song, which, since the days of Herrick, Waller, Lovelace, and those glorious song writers of the seventeenth century, had greatly degenerated. A reference to any song-book published in England previously to 1800 will prove how utterly worthless was our then song literature.

When Robert Burns died, Moore was sixteen years of age, and it was not until after Burns's death that his songs were much known in England; indeed I may say that it was not until within the last quarter of a century that Burns has been thoroughly known and appreciated here. Probably when Moore began to write Burns was scarcely known at all in Ireland. To Moore, then, still belongs the credit of having revived and regenerated English song. At a subsequent period Moore alludes to Burns, and expresses his surprise that a bard "wholly unskilled in music should possess the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, which," he adds, "were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister art ought to attempt." I do not see this at all; all teachers of music will tell you that the greatest difficulty they have to contend with in beginners is too fine an

ear. The pupil who can catch up and retain a tune the moment he hears it, will not stop for the tedious process of finding it out by the notation, but will attempt to play it by ear long before he can properly manipulate upon the instrument. With Burns's strong perceptive powers and his fine ear, it would have been impossible for him, where he wrote to tunes, to have written incorrectly. Moore himself admits that, "Burns, however untaught, was yet in ear and feeling a musician is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain."

That more depends upon the possession of a fine ear than to having acquired a knowledge of the theory of music, this opinion goes far to substantiate; and I think it affords sufficient encouragement to the student not to be thwarted in his early efforts, because he has not that amount of musical knowledge which Moore considered so indispensable.

Without the slightest wish to disparage Moore's high merits as a song writer, it may be scarcely hazardous to remark, that he owes much of his popularity to the beautiful airs to which his words were wedded; but, even here the merit was his own, for it was his discernment that discovered the applicability of the wild strains of his native harp to the purposes of modern song, and their capability of being united to immortal verse. These melodies Moore graphically describes when he asserts that "a pretty air without words resembles one

of those *half* creatures of Plato, which are described as wandering in search of themselves through the world." In supplying the other half, by uniting many of the fugitive melodies of other lands to his undying words, Moore may be said to have given souls to the tenantless bodies, to have re-animated the ghosts of Dream-land, and to have given substance to that which was previously but a shade.

Hogg, Cunningham, Lover, Lever, Gerald Griffin, Procter, C. Swain, Mackay, and Eliza Cook have all contributed largely and worthily to our song literature. Mrs. Hemans, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, L. E. L., and others, have also contributed many charming pathetic lyrics, admirably adapted for music; and, as time rolls on, doubtless many as worthy names will be added to the tuneful choir. It is possible that some of my readers may be already, in some sort, apprentices to the tuneful art, for I take it that few have not, at some time or other, endeavoured to string a couplet or two together, or tried their hands at a song. Well, it is very easy to do so; you may even get into print, or print yourself, and call upon your friends to subscribe to what you have printed; and you may even get noticed in the newspapers, and come to think you are rather clever at it than not. So far so good; everybody must have a beginning. Dr. Johnson observed, that the man who didn't begin to write until he knew how to write, wouldn't become an author at all; but this I want you to remember, that there is a standard

to measure you by, and the test of that standard is time. If you have that within you which enables you to judge of this standard, though you may feel that you cannot approach it, you have a light that shall guide you on the way. What you have most to fear is the injudicious praise of friendly critics, or the taking for gospel the opinion of a reviewer who has not the slightest knowledge of what he is writing about. I observed, not long ago, in the columns of a weekly paper, a notice of a volume of verse, in which the reviewer lauded the amiability of the writer, and stated that the poetry did not "rise above the song standard." *Rise above* the song standard! Why, even if it had come up to it, the writer ought to be hailed as "the coming man." What the friendly critic meant as a qualifying remark was the highest praise he could bestow, supposing he knew what the song standard was. The song standard, in his sense of the word, was the one that music publishers and modern composers weigh by. "Can't you write me," a music publisher asked a well-known librettoist, "a song about—about nothing in particular, with a pretty title? Nobody could object to that, you know." If the young writer would only think and study what a song ought to be before sitting down to compose it, we should have fewer songs about "nothing in particular, with pretty titles."

It is because the art of writing verse has been too little studied, and the desire to rush into print too prematurely

indulged in, that we have so many nonsense verses. Beset with technicalities, and fettered by rules that were seldom followed, the student has thrown aside the old treatises, and relied on his own power of production, without giving the mechanism of the art a single thought.

To lead him to a consideration of this, teaching him by examples what to imitate and what to avoid, has been my aim in this little treatise. I have pointed out to him the manner, the matter must rest with himself.

The art of writing verse may be indulged in as a graceful accomplishment, and not necessarily as a profession, and I am not without a hope that, as regards those who pursue it in the former spirit, I have not written in vain. To those who dream of following verse-making as a profession, no advice is necessary—none would be taken—I have only a single word for them,—Beware! Still, I do not join the senseless cry that is constantly being made, that “the present is not an auspicious era for the verse which is to gain immortality.” The present is never an era in which to gain immortality, simply because the present never is the future. Of course, the critic who wrote the sentence I have quoted meant to say that the verse written at the present time was not destined to win immortality; but I believe this has been said of all verse from Pope’s time to our own, and it is certain that a great deal that was considered to possess the seeds of immortality has rotted long before it came down to our own day. Remember, too,

that, as regards the past, we get the wheat from which the chaff has been winnowed; what we have at present is in the bulk, and it is to be hoped that all will not be blown away in the process of sifting. It was Pope who said, that "in literature nothing good or lasting was ever written that had not to contend with the stream of time." That this "Handbook" may lead some of its readers to such a consideration of the Art of Poetry as may enable them to contend with it successfully, is the earnest wish and fervent hope of the author.





A NEW
POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.

A NEW POETICAL ANTHOLOGY.



O the student who has not a poetical library at hand to refer to, the following pages will, in some measure, supply the deficiency. By them he will be enabled to see how the same subjects have been treated by different hands, and how, as has been before observed, "a generality becomes special in the hands of a poet."

The selection is not a mere dictionary of familiar quotations, but some of the best thoughts of the best authors alphabetically arranged. No doubt it could have been considerably extended, but not without swelling this work to a bulk which would have placed it, in price, beyond the means of those for whom it is intended. As it is, nearly five hundred "gems of thought" have been included, in which many quotations from the standard poets have been blended with the lighter graces of modern verse. In all cases, however, the selections are made from such authors only as have been acknowledged by public and critical approbation.

APRIL.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.—LONGFELLOW.

APRIL (continued).

I never see
 Those dear delights which April still does bring,
 But memory's tongue repeats it all to me.
 I view her pictures with an anxious eye,
 I hear her stories with a pleasing pain :
 Youth's withered flowers, alas ! ye make me sigh,
 To think in me ye'll never bloom again.

JOHN CLARE.

When well-apparel'd April on the heel
 Of limping Winter treads.—SHAKSPEARE.

A day in April never came so sweet.
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

SHAKSPEARE.

Emblem of life, see changeful April sail,
 In varying rest, along the shadowy skies ;
 Now bidding summer's softest zephyrs rise ;
 Anon, recalling winter's stormy gale,
 And pouring from the cloud her sudden hail ;
 Then, smiling through the tear that dims her eyes
 While Iris with her braid the welkin dyes,
 Promise of sunshine not so prone to fail.

KIRKE WHITE.

May never was the month of love,
 For May is full of flowers ;
 But rather April, wet by kind,
 For love is full of showers.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

AUTUMN.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
 Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
 And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
 Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,
 And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
 Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,

AUTUMN (continued).

Lifts up her purple wing ; and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary.—LONGFELLOW.

When yellow autumn weighs
The year, and adds to nights, and shortens days;
And suns declining shine with feeble rays.

DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

The evening of the year.—DRYDEN'S "VIRGIL."

The summer flower has run to seed,
And yellow is the woodland bough;
And every leaf of bush and weed
Is tipt with autumn's pencil now.
And I do love the varied hue,
And I do love the browning plain;
And I do love each scene to view,
That's marked with beauties of her reign.

JOHN CLARE.

Hail, temperate Autumn ! mild, sedate,
With russet clad in simple state,
Thou claim'st the votive lay ;
The dew the thirsty earth revives,
Each drooping plant new strength derives,
Nor dreads the scorching ray.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In cheerful error, let us tread the maze
Of autumn, unconfined ; and taste, revived,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower

AUTUMN (*continued*).

Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race,
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepared ;
 Of tempered sun and water, earth and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixed.—THOMSON.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

KEATS.

Thou comest, Autumn, heralded by the rain,
 With banners by great gales incessant fanned,
 Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
 And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain,
 Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
 Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal hand
 Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
 Blessing the farms throughout thy vast domain.
 Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
 So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves ;
 Thy steps are by the farmers' prayers attended ;
 Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves ;
 And following thee, in thy oration splendid,
 Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

LONGFELLOW.

The autumn skies are flushed with gold,
 And fair and bright the rivers run ;
 These are but streams of winter cold,
 And painted mists that quench the sun.

AUTUMN (continued).

In secret boughs no sweet birds sing,
In secret boughs no bird can shroud ;
These are but leaves that take to wing,
And wintry winds that pipe so loud.
'Tis not trees' shade, but cloudy glooms
That on the cheerless valleys fall,
The flowers are in their grassy tombs,
And tears of dew are on them all.—T. HOOD.

BEAUTY.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and quiet breathing.

KEEKS.

A native Grace
Sat fair-proportioned on her polished limbs,
Veiled in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.

THOMSON.

O ! she doth teach the torches to burn bright ;
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear ;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

SHAKSPEARE.

Beauty is but a vain, a fleeting good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh suddenly.
A fleeting good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead, within an hour.

SHAKSPEARE.

H

BELL.—BELLS.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds ;
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave,
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
 How soft the music of these village bells,
 Falling at intervals upon the ear
 In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
 Now pealing loud again and louder still,
 Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on !

COWPER.

Bell ! thou soundest merrily
 When the bridal party
 To the church doth hie !
 Bell, thou soundest solemnly
 When, on Sabbath morning,
 Fields deserted lie !—LONGFELLOW.

Those evening bells ! those evening bells !
 How many a tale their music tells
 Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

THOMAS MOORE.

The convent bells are ringing,
 But mournfully and slow ;
 In the grey square turret swinging,
 With a deep sound, to and fro :
 Heavily to the heart they go.—BYRON.

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

SHAKSPEARE.

BIRDS.

Tribes of the air ! whose favoured race
 May wander through the realms of space,
 Free guests of earth and sky ;
 In form, in plumage, and in song,
 What gifts of nature mark your throng
 With bright variety !—MRS. HEMANS.

BIRDS (continued).

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree;
 In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,
 That open to sun, and stars, and moon—
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

MARY HOWITT.

Birds! birds! ye are beautiful things,
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings!
 Where shall man wander, and where shall he dwell,
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well?
 Ye have nests on the mountain all rugged and stark,
 Ye have nests in the forest all tangled and dark;
 Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
 And ye sleep on the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves.

ELIZA COOK.

BROOK.

Look at this brook, so blithe, so free!
 Thus hath it been, fair boy, for ever—
 A shining, dancing, babbling river;
 And thus 'twill ever be.
 'Twill run from mountain to the main,
 With just the same sweet babbling voice
 That now sings out, "Rejoice, rejoice!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

Laugh of the mountain! lyre of bird and tree!
 Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
 The soul of April, unto whom are born
 The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
 Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
 The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
 To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
 Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.

LONGFELLOW.

H 2

BROOK (continued).

See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
 Kissing the rugged banks on either side;
 While in their crystal streams at once they show,
 And with them feed the flowers which they bestow.
 Tho' rudely thronged by a too near embrace,
 In gentle murmurs they keep on their race
 To the loved sea; for streams have their desires,
 Cool as they are they feel love's powerful fires,
 And with such passion, that, if any force
 Stop or molest them in their am'rous course,
 They swell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
 The banks they kissed and flowers they fed before.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots,
 That grow for happy lovers;
 I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses,
 I linger by my shingly bars,
 I loiter round my cresses;
 And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river;
 For men may come and men may go
 But I go on for ever!—TENNYSON.

BUTTERFLY.

He the gay garden round about doth fly,
 From bed to bed, from one to other border,
 And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
 Of every flower and herb there set in order:
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Nor with his feet their silken leaves deface,
 But feeds upon the pleasures of each place;
 And ever more, with most variety
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
 He seeks his dainty sense to gratify;
 Now sucking of the juice of herbs most meet,

BUTTERFLY (continued).

Or of the dew which yet on them doth lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feet;
 And then he percheth on some bank thereby
 To sun himself and his moist wings to dry.

SPENSER.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light,
 And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold:
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy.—ROGERS.

Stay near me, do not take thy flight!
 A little longer stay in sight!
 Much converse do I find in thee,
 Historian of my infancy!
 Float near me; do not yet depart!
 Dead times revive in thee:
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art!
 A solemn image to my heart,
 My father's family!—WORDSWORTH.

CHARITY.

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait
 On man's most dignified and happiest state,
 Whether we name thee Charity or Love,
 Chief grace below, and all in all above,
 Prosper (I press thee with a powerful plea)
 A task I venture on, impelled by thee:
 O never seen but in thy blest effects,
 Or felt but in the soul that heaven selects.

COWPER.

CHILDREN.—CHILDHOOD.

Go, mark the matchless workings of the power
 That shuts within the seed the future flower;
 Bids these in elegance of form excel,
 In colour these, and these delight the smell;

CHILDREN (continued).

Sends nature forth, the daughter of the skies,
To dance on earth, and charm all human eyes.

COWPER.

'Tis now the poetry of life to thee;
With fancies fresh and innocent as flowers,
And manners sportive as the free-winged air;
Thou seest a friend in every smile; thy days,
Like singing birds, in gladness dance along,
And not a tear that trembles on thy lids
But shines away, and sparkles into joy.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The wilding rose, sweet as thyself,
And new-cropped daisies, are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf,
To taste again thy youthful pleasure!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Those joys which Childhood calls its own,
Would they were kin to men!
Those treasures to the world unknown,
When known, are withered then.—JOHN CLARE.

Flowers are colouring the wild wood,
Art thou weary of thy childhood?
Break not its enchanted reign,—
Such life never knows again.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

WORDSWORTH.

CHILDREN (continued).

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay
flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling it to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB.

CLOUD.—CLOUDS.

O painted clouds! sweet beauties of the sky,
How have I viewed your motion and your rest,
When like fleet hunters ye have left mine eye,
In your thin gauze of woolly-fleecing drest;
Or in your threatened thunder's grave black vest,
Like black deep waters slowly moving by,
Awfully striking the spectator's breast
With your Creator's dread sublimity.

JOHN CLARE.

Beautiful clouds! I have watched ye long,
Fickle and bright as a fairy throng;
Now ye have gathered golden beams
Now ye are parting in silver streams,
Now ye are tinged with a roseate blush,
Deepening fast to a crimson flush;
Now, like aerial sprites at play,
Ye are lightly dancing another way;
Melting in many a pearly flake,
Like the cygnets down on the azure lake.

ELIZA COOK.

The lowering clouds, that dip themselves in rain,
To shake their fleeces on the earth again.—DRYDEN.

CLOUDS (continued).

When on their march embattled clouds appear,
 What formidable gloom their faces wear;
 How wide their front—how deep and black their rear !
 How do their threatening heads each other throng—
 How slow the crowding legions move along !
 The winds with all their wings can scarcely bear
 Th' oppressive burden of th' impending war.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Beautiful cloud ! with folds so soft and fair,
 Swimming in the pure quiet air !
 Thy fleeces bathed in sunlight, while below
 Thy shadow o'er the vale moves slow ;
 Where, midst their labour, pause the reaper train
 As cool it comes along the grain.
 Beautiful cloud ! I would I were with thee
 In thy calm way o'er land and sea :
 To rest on thy unrolling skirts, and look
 On earth as on an open book.—BRYANT.

DAISY.—WILDFLOWERS.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
 Of friends, however humble, scorn not one ;
 The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

The daisy scattered on each mead and down,
 A golden tuft within a silver crown—
 Fair fall that dainty flower; and may there be
 No shepherd graced that doth not honour thee !

WILLIAM BROWNE.

I see thee glittering from afar—
 And then thou art a pretty star ;
 Not quite so fair as many are
 In heaven above thee !

DAISY (continued).

Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee.

WORDSWORTH.

Daisies, ye flowers of lovely birth,
Embroiderers of the carpet earth,
That stud the velvet sod;
Open to spring's refreshing air,
In sweetest smiling bloom declare
Your Maker, and my God.

JOHN CLARE.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.—BURNS.

Be violets in their scented mews
The flowers the wanton zephyrs choose;
Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art, indeed, by many a claim
The poet's darling.

WORDSWORTH.

DANCING.

Muse of the many twinkling feet! whose charms
Are now extended up from legs to arms;
Terpsichore! too long misdeemed a maid,
Reproachful term bestowed but to upbraid,
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
The least a vestal of the virgin nine.—BYRON.

DANCING (continued.)

But when the music's full infection stole
 Throughout her frame, and kindled up her veins,
 She shook her curls, and through her eyes her soul
 Sent such a shower of rapture, all the swains
 Stood gaping as the parched flower when it rains;
 She sailed along, and, like a sorceress, flung
 Her own sweet spirit o'er the crouder's strains;
 Her feet had language, such as hath been sung,
 That spoke to every heart as plain as with a tongue.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Dance, dance, as long as ye can;
 We must travel through life, but why make a dead
 march of it?
 The fine linen of state may sit well upon man,
 But 'tis pleasant, methinks, just to rub out the starch
 of it.

ELIZA COOK.

Diana's queen-like step is thine,
 And when in dance thy feet combine
 They fall with truth so sweet,
 The music seems to come from thee,
 And all the notes appear to be
 The echoes of thy feet.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

DEATH.

Death is here, and death is there,
 Death is busy everywhere,
 All around, within, beneath,
 Above is death, and we are death.—SHELLEY.

Many are the shapes
 Of Death, and many are the ways that lead
 To his grim cave; all dismal! yet to sense
 More terrible at th' entrance than within.—MILTON.

DEATH (continued).

When honour's lost 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.

DR. GARTH.

'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar.

DR. GARTH.

The dead are only happy, and the dying:
The dead are still, and lasting slumbers hold 'em.
He who is near his death, but turns about,
Shuffles awhile to make his pillow easy,
Then slips into his shroud, and rests for ever.—LEE.

Death to a man in misery is sleep.—DRYDEN.

Death shuns the naked throat and proffered breast;
He flies when called to be a welcome guest.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

Cowards die many times before their death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

SHAKSPEARE.

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
Let them rave.

Shadows of the silver birk
Sweep the green that folds thy grave.
Let them rave.—TENNYSON.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,

DEATH (continued).

And vex the unhappy dust thou would'st not save,
 There let the wind sweep, and the plover cry;
 But thou, go by.—TENNYSON.

Friend to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
 I woo thee, Death! Life and its joys
 I leave to those that prize them.
 Hear me, O gracious God!—at thy good time
 Let Death approach; I reck not, let him but come
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance armed,
 Too much for man to bear.—BISHOP PORTeus.

There is a reaper, whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

LONGFELLOW.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
 And stars to set—but all,
 Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. HEMANS.

Fate! fortune! chance! whose blindness,
 Hostility, or kindness,
 Play such strange freaks with human destinies,
 Contrasting poor and wealthy,
 The life-diseased and healthy,
 The blessed, the cursed, the witless, and the wise,
 Ye have a master—one
 Who mars what ye have done,
 Levelling all that move beneath the sun,—
 Death!—HORACE SMITH.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

How wonderful is Death,
 Death and his brother Sleep!

DEATH (*continued*).

One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other rosy as the morn
When throned on ocean wave,
It blushes o'er the world :
Yet both so passing wonderful.—SHELLEY.

DREAM.—DREAMS.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.—BYRON.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.—BYRON.

O spirit-land ! thou land of dreams !
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,
A world of the dead in the lines of life.

MRS. HEMANS.

Was it the spell of morning dew
That o'er his lids its influence threw,
Clearing those earthly mists away,
That erst like veils before them lay ?
Whether fair dream or actual sight,
It was a vision of delight ;
For free to his charmed eyes were given
The spirits of the starry heaven.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Murmur soft music to her dreams,
That pure and unpolluted run,
Like to the new-born crystal streams
Under the bright enamoured sun.

CHARLES COTTON.

When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch
On the tired household of corporeal sense,
And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,
Was free her choicest favours to dispense ;

DREAMS (continued).

I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,
A landscape more august than happiest skill
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade.

WORDSWORTH.

Bright be thy dreams! may all thy weeping
Turn into smiles while thou art sleeping!
May those by death or seas removed,
The friends who in thy spring-time knew thee,
All thou hast ever prized or loved,
In dreams come smiling to thee!—T. MOORE.

EVENING.—NIGHT.

How pleasant, as the sun declines, to view
The spacious landscape change in form and hue!
Here vanish, as in mist, before a flood
Of bright obscurity, hill, lawn, and wood;
There objects, by the searching beam betrayed,
Come forth, and here retire in purple shade;
Even the white stems of birch, the cottage white,
Softens their glare before the mellow light.

WORDSWORTH.

Now in the sleepy gloom that blackens round,
Dies many a lulling hum of rural sound,
From cottage door, farmyard, and dusty lane,
Where home the cart-horse totters with the swain,
Or padded holm, where village boys resort,
Bawling enraptured o'er their evening sport,
Till night awakens superstitious dread,
And drives them prisoners to a restless bed.

JOHN CLARE.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scattered the remains of day.—ADDISON.

EVENING (continued).

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.—MILTON.

"Tis now the young decline of day;
The light is lingering in the sky,
Fading unconsciously away,
Like brightness in a maiden's eye
That fain would sleep,
But watch must keep.

W. T. MONCIEFF.

The day's grown old, the fainting sun
Has but a little way to run;
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

CHARLES COTTON.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.—BYRON.

The sun is set; the swallows are asleep;
The bats are flitting fast in the grey air;
The slow soft toads out of damp corners creep;
And evening's breath, wandering here and there
Over the quivering surface of the stream,
Makes not one ripple from its summer dream.

SHELLEY.

EYE.—EYES.

Eyes not down-dropt, nor over-bright, but fed
 With the clear-painted flame of chastity ;
 Clear without heat, undying, tended by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the translucent fane
 Of her still spirit.—TENNYSON.

Where now are those dark eyes ? (sweet eyes !)
 In tears ? in thought ? in sleep ?
 Those lights, like stars in stormy skies,
 Which gently shine, when all else weep ?
 O dark unconquerable eyes !—BARRY CORNWALL.

As a wild maiden, with love-drinking eyes,
 Sees in sweet dreams a beaming youth of glory.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

How beautiful to worship woman's eyes,
 As stars of heaven formed, man's guiding light,
 But to be gazed on as celestial bright ;
 To deem them as the jewels of the skies ;
 The blue, day's sapphires—black, the gems of night !

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

The orb I like is not the one
 That dazzles with its lightning gleam ;
 That dares to look upon the sun,
 As though it challenged brighter beam.
 That orb may sparkle, flash, and roll ;
 Its fire may blaze, its shaft may fly ;
 But not for me. I prize the soul
 That slumbers in a quiet eye.—ELIZA COOK.

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,
 Lest I be sick with seeing ;
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest shame destroy their being.

EYE (continued).

Oh, be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me ;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me ;
Nor spread them as distract with fears ;
Mine own enough betray me.—BEN JONSON.

Throne of expression ! whence the spirit's ray
Pours forth so oft the light of mental day ;
Where fancy's fire, affection's melting beam,
Thought, genius, passion, reign in turn supreme.

MRS. HEMANS.

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.

T. MOORE.

FAITH.

Thou surely dost not think my faith a flower
To live and droop with fortune's sun and shade ?

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy ; for murmurings from within
Were heard, sonorous cadences ! whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.
Even such a shell, the universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith!—WORNSWORTH.

FAIRIES.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk roses and with eglantine;
 There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
 Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

SHAKSPEARE.

Hither, ye elves! the sunbeam fainter glows,
 And the loved twilight gathers with its gloom:
 Fly from the grassy mount's untrodden brow,
 Drop from the scented blossoms of the bough.

JOHN GRAHAM.

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you, sing
 Like to the garter's compass, in a ring;
 The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
 More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
 And, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, write
 In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
 Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
 Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
 Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

SHAKSPEARE.

Bright children of the bard! o'er this green dell
 Pass once again, and light it with your spell.

MRS. HEMANS.

I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
 Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
 And never hope to see the nightly train.
 In vain the dairy now with mints is dressed,
 The dairymaid expects no fairy guest
 To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
 She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
 No silver penny to reward her pain:

FAIRIES (continued).

For priests, with prayers and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear.

DRYDEN.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset merrily :
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

SHAKSPEARE.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire ;
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere ;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green ;

The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold cups spots you see :
These be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone ;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

SHAKSPEARE.

While the blue is richest in the starry sky,
While the softest shadows on the greensward lie,
While the moonlight slumbers in the lily's urn,
Bright elves of the wild wood ! oh, return, return !

MRS. HEMANS.

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FAIRIES (continued).

Nor think, tho' men were none,
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

MILTON.

If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
 Of all the nurse and all the priest hath taught
 Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
 The silver token, and the circled green,
 Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
 With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flowers,—
 Hear, and believe!—POPE.

Oh! these be fancy's revellers by night,
 Stealthy companions of the downy moth;
 Diana's motes, that flit in her pale light,
 Shunners of sunbeams in diurnal sloth;
 The gnat, with shrilly trump, is their convener,
 Forth from their flowr'y chambers, nothing loth,
 With lulling tunes to charm the air serener,
 Or dance upon the grass to make it greener.

THOMAS HOOD.

Like fairy elves
 Whose midnight revels, by a forest side,
 Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
 Or dreams he sees, while overhead the moon
 Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
 Wheels her pale cause; they, on their mirth and dance
 Intent, with jocund music charm his ear.—MILTON.

They dance their ringlets to the whistling wind;
 The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxy thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes;
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moonbeams from their sleeping eyes.

SHAKSPEARE.

FAIRIES (continued).

They were such forms as, imaged in the night,
 Sail in our dreams across the heavens' steep blue;
 When the closed lid sees visions streaming bright,
 Too beautiful to meet the naked view;
 Like faces formed in clouds of silver light.

THOMAS MILLER.

We the fairies, blithe and antic,
 Of dimensions not gigantic,
 Through the moonshine mostly keep us,
 Oft in orchards frisk and peep us.

LEIGH HUNT (*from the Latin*).

What feats the fairy creatures played !
 Now seeming of the height afraid,
 Now folding the moss in fast embraces,
 They peeped o'er the bridge with their lovely faces.
 Now hanging, like the fearless flowers,
 By their tiny arms in the cataract showers,
 Swung back and forward with delight,
 Like pearls in the spray-shower burning bright !

PROFESSOR WILSON

The beings of the mind are not of clay :
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray,
 And more beloved existence ; that which fate
 Prohibits to dull life in this our state
 Of mortal bondage.—BYRON.

FAME.

Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
 Of time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
 Most unsubstantial, unessential shade,
 Was earthly fame. She was a voice alone,
 And dwelt upon the noisy tongues of men.
 She never thought, but gabbled ever on,
 Applauding most what least deserved applaunce.

POLLOK.

FAME (continued).

Fame! the loose breathings of a clamorous crowd,
Ever in lies most confident and loud.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

While fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Envoy pursues her like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the dangers cease,
Envoy herself is glad to be at peace.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with fortune an unequal war;
Checked by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

BEATTIE.

Fame's an echo, prattling double,
An empty, airy, glittering bubble;
A breath can swell, a breath can sink it,
The wise not worth their keeping think it.
Why, then, why such toil and pain,
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain?
Like her sister Fortune blind,
To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her favour find.—MILTON.

Thou hast a charmèd cup, O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection's spring.

MRS. HEMANS.

FISHING.

There bent in hopeful musings on the brink,
They watch their floating corks that seldom sink,
Save when a wary roach or silver bream
Nibbles the worm in passing up the stream,
Just urging expectation's hopes to stay
To view the dodging cork, then slink away ;
Still hopes keep burning with untired delight,
Still wobbling curves keep wavering like a bite :
If but the breezy wind their floats should spring,
And move the water with a troubled ring,
A captive fish still fills the anxious eyes,
And willow-wicks lie ready for the prize ;
Till evening gales awaken damp and chill,
And nip the hopes that morning suns instil.

JOHN CLARE.

While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live thy name, meek Walton, sage benign !
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.

WORDSWORTH.

FLOWERS.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

LONGFELLOW.

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers ! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.—HORACE SMITH.

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,

FLOWERS (continued).

And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which he sprinkles all the earth.

COWPER.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which we tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest who hath the power
To gather wisdom from a flower,
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.—WORDSWORTH.

Sweet nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view!
Relics are ye of Eden's bowers,
As soft, as fragrant, and as fair
As those that crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.—KEEBLE.

Flowers are the brightest things which earth,
On her broad bosom, loves to cherish;
Gay they appear as children's mirth,
Like fading dreams of hope they perish.

PATTERSON.

Flowers are the bright remembrances of youth:
They waft us back, with their bland odorous breath,
The joyous hours that only young life knows,
Ere we have learnt that this fair earth hides graves.

COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

FLOWERS (continued).

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
 To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured :
 Bring flowers ! they are springing in wood and vale,
 Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
 And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
 To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

MRS. HEMANS.

Still, gentle lady, cherish flowers ;
 True fairy friends are they,
 On whom of all the cloudless hours
 Not one is thrown away.
 By these, unlike man's ruder race,
 No care conferred is spurned,
 But all thy fond and fostering grace
 A thousandfold returned.—B. SIMMONS.

We are the sweet flowers
 Born of sunny showers,
 Think whene'er you see us what our beauty saith ;
 Utterance mute and bright
 Of some unknown delight,
 We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.
 All who see us love us ;
 We befit all places ;
 Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.

LEIGH HUNT.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in the stars above ;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stands the revelation of His love.—LONGFELLOW.

FRIENDS.—FRIENDSHIP.

Friend after friend departs :
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.

FRIENDS (continued).

Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Friendship! peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.—JOHNSON.

Oh, friendship! if my soul forego
Thy dear delight while here below;
To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, or insincere,
Or may *my* friend deceive me.

COWPER.

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody;
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream,
Then let it be!—MRS. HEMANS.

There have been fewer friends on earth than kings.
COWLEY.

Friendship, of itself a holy tie,
Is made more sacred by adversity.—DRYDEN.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

SHAKSPEARE.

Who knows the joys of friendship?
The trust, security, and mutual tenderness?
The double joys, when each is glad for both?
Friendship! our only wealth, our last retreat and
strength,
Secure again still fortune and the world.—ROWE.

GOLD.

All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold;
Gilded tombs do worms infold.—SHAKSPEARE.

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled ;
Heavy to get and light to hold ;
Hoarded, bartered, squandered, doled :
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Good or bad a thousandfold ;
How widely its agencies vary !
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen Bess,
And now of a bloody Mary.—THOMAS HOOD.

O gold ! why call we misers miserable ?
Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall ;
Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain cable
Which holds fast other treasures great and small.

BYRON.

Mine is the rare magician's hand ;
Mine is the mighty fairy wand ;
Monarchs may boast, but none can hold
Such powerful sway as the spirit of gold.
The wigwam tent, the regal dome,
The senator's bench, the peasant home ;
The menial serf, the pirate bold,—
All, all are ruled by the spirit of gold.

ELIZA COOK.

GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
 Shall now my joyful temples bind.
 No monarch but would give his crown,
 His arms may do what this has done.
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
 Did all within this circle move.
 A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
 Give me but what this ribband bound,
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.—WALLER.

And I would be the girdle
 About her dainty waist,
 And her heart would beat against me
 In sorrow and in rest;
 And I should know if it beat right,
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

TENNYSON.

GOOD NIGHT.

To all, to each, a fair good night,
 And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light!

SCOTT.

Good night! good night, belovèd!
 I come to watch o'er thee.
 To be near thee—to be near thee,
 Alone is peace to me.
 Thine eyes are stars of morning,
 Thy lips are crimson flowers!
 Good night! good night, belovèd!
 While I count the weary hours.

LONGFELLOW.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine,
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
 So not again to mine.

GOOD NIGHT (continued).

Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
My native land—good night!—BYRON.

Go to rest!
Sleep sit dove-like on thy breast !
If within that secret cell
One dark form of memory dwell,
Be it mantled from thy sight—
Good night!—MRS. HEMANS.

Good night, my love ! may gentle rest
Charm up your senses till the light,
Whilst I, with care and woe oppressed,
Go to inhabit endless night.

CHARLES COTTON.

HOME.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footsteps
may roam ;
Be that land where it may, at the line or the pole,
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.

ELIZA COOK.

O ye beloved ! come home ! The hour
Of many a greeting tone,
The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone !

HOME (continued).

And darkly, heavily it falls
 On the forsaken room,
 Burdening the heart with tenderness,
 That deepens 'midst the gloom.

MRS. HEMANS.

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home !
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet home!

J. HOWARD PAYNE.

HOPE.—HOPES.

Sun of another world, whose rays
 At distance gladden ours;
 Soul of a happier sphere, whose praise
 Surpasses mortal powers;
 Mysterious feeling, taught to roll
 Resistless o'er each breast,
 Beyond embrace, above control,
 The strangest, sweetest of the soul,
 Possessing, not possest.—HENRY NEELE.

The wretch condemned with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies;
 And every pang that rends his heart
 Bids expectation rise.
 Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.—GOLDSMITH.

There is a star that cheers our way
 Along this weary world of woe,
 That tips with light the waves of life,
 However bitterly they flow.

HOPE (continued).

"Tis hope ! 'tis hope ! that blessed star
Which peers through misery's darkest cloud ;
And only sets when death has brought
The pall, the tombstone, and the shroud.

ELIZA COOK.

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom ;
When no fair dreams before my mind's-eye flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom ;
Sweet Hope ! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.—KEATS.

Above, below, in ocean, earth, and sky,
Thy fairy worlds, imagination, lie ;
And Hope attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night thy visions of the day !

CAMPBELL.

Hopes, what are they ? Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass ;
Or a spider's web adorning
In a strait and treacherous pass.

WORDSWORTH.

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the grounds her lowly nest ;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest :
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Humility, that low sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.—MOORE.

JUNE.

Welcome, bright June, and all its smiling hours,
 With song of birds, and stir of leaves and wings,
 And run of rills, and bubble of cool springs,
 And hourly burst of pretty buds to flowers ;
 And buzz of happy bees in violet-bowers ;
 And gushing joy of the loud lark, who sings
 High in the silent air, and sleeks his wings
 In frequent sheddings of soft falling showers ;
 With plunge of struggling sheep in splashy floods,
 And timid bleat of shorn and shivering lamb,
 Answered in fondest yearnings by its dam ;
 And cuckoo's call from solitary woods,
 And hum of many sounds, making one voice
 That fills the summer air with most melodious noise.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
 Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
 When the north wind congregates in crowds
 The floating mountains of the silver clouds
 From the horizon, and the stainless sky
 Opens beyond them like eternity !—SHELLEY.

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
 And the green mountains round ;
 And thought, that when I came to lie
 Within the silent ground,
 'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
 When brooks sent up a pleasant tune,
 And groves a joyous sound,
 The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
 The rich green mountain turf should break.

BRYANT.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
 Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
 In heads replete with thoughts of other men,—
 Wisdom in minds attentive to their own ;
 Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass,

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM (*continued*).

The mere materials which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted into place,
Does but encumber what it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,—
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.—COWPER.

A climbing height it is, without a head,
Deep without bottom, way without an end;
A circle with no line environed,
Not comprehended, all it comprehends;
Worth infinite, yet satisfies no mind
Till it that infinite of the Godhead find.

SIR FULKE GREVILLE.

LOVE.

Love in your sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of your hair;
Love does on both your lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.

COWLEY.

There's music in the name,
That, softening me to infant tenderness,
Makes my heart spring like the first leaps of life.

OTWAY.

My love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where 'tis not.—DRYDEN.

Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,
But scorn with scorn outbrave;
A Briton, even in love, should be
A subject, not a slave!—WORDSWORTH.

K

LOVE (continued).

Thou art the victor, Love !
 Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free ;
 The strength of the battle is given to thee,
 The spirit from above.
 Thou has looked on death and smiled !
 Thou hast buoyed up the fragile and reed-like form
 Through the tide of the fight, through the rush of the
 storm,
 On field, and flood, and wild.—**MRS. HEMANS.**

In love, what contradiction lies ;
 Love's all made up of joy and sorrow ;
 His April face, of smiles and sighs,
 Will laugh to-day and weep to-morrow.

W. T. MONCRIEFF.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
 Is—Love forgive us !—cinders, ashes, dust ;
 Love in a palace is, perhaps, at last
 More grievous torment than a hermit's fast.—**KEATS.**

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven ;
 A spark of that immortal fire
 With angels shared, by Allah given,
 To lift from earth our low desire.
 Devotion wafts the mind above,
 But heaven itself descends in love :
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,
 To wean from self each sordid thought :
 A ray of Him who formed the whole ;
 A glory circling round the soul.—**BYRON.**

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
 'Tis woman's whole existence.—**BYRON.**

O sovereign power of love ! O grief ! O balm !
 All records saving thine come cool, and calm,
 And shadowy through the mist of passèd years :
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears

LOVE (continued).

Have become indolent ; but touching thine,
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.

KEATS.

In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets dances on the green.
And men below, and saints above,—
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

SCOTT.

By love, only love, should our souls be cemented,
No interest, no motive, but that I would own ;
With her in a cottage be blest and contented,
And wretched without her, though placed on a
throne.

BICKERSTAFF.

Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs ;
Being puffed, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears :
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

SHAKSPEARE.

The cause of love can never be assigned ;
'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind.—DRYDEN.

Yes, love ! deceive thyself no longer ! False
To say 'tis pity for his fall,—respect
Engendered by a hollow world's disdain,
Which hoots whom fickle fortune cheers no more :
'Tis none of these ! 'Tis love—and if not love,
Why then idolatry ! Ay, that's the name
To speak the broadest, deepest, strongest passion
That ever woman's heart was borne away by.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

K 2

LOVE (continued).

If on your charms you think to lay
 The value that's their due,
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
 Their subjects all too few.
 But if a passion without vice,
 Without disguise or art,—
 O Mary, if true love's your price,
 Behold it in my heart!—LORD LANSDOWNE.

Love is a sea
 Filling all the abysses dim
 Of lornest space, in whose deeps regally
 Swans and their bright broods swim.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

MAN.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground ;
 Another race the following spring supplies ;
 They fall successive, and successive rise ;
 So generations in their course decay ;
 So flourish these when those are passed away.

POPE.

Men are but children of a larger growth ;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving, too, and full as vain :
 And yet the soul, shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
 But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view.—DRYDEN.

Man is the sun of home,
 He shines—and all is bright !
 And lovely woman is the moon
 Made brilliant by his light.

MAN (continued).

But if, from hut or hall,
The sun withdraws his ray,
The pale moon wanes, and soon
Her brilliance dies away.

CHARLES COLE.

MARRIAGE.

To the nuptial bower
I led her, blushing as the morn; all heaven
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence. The earth
Gave signs of gratulation, and each hill:
Joyous the birds. Fresh gales and gentle airs
Whispered it to the woods; and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub;
Disporting till the amorous bird of night
Sung sponsal, and bid haste the evening star
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.—MILTON.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town!
High wedlock then be honourèd:
Honour, high honour and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town.—SHAKSPEARE.

Be gay and good-natured, complying and kind,
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your
mind;
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquests improve,
And marriage shall rivet the fetters of love.

DAVID GARRICK.

MAY.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers;

MAY (*continued*).

When thy short reign is past, the feverish sun
 The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
 DRYDEN.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
 The winds that fan the flowers,
 And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
 Tell of serener hours—
 Of hours that glide unfelt away
 Beneath the sky of May.—PERCIVAL.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.—MILTON.

Oh! the merry May has pleasant hours,
 And dreamily they glide,
 As if they floated like the leaves
 Upon a silver tide;
 The trees are full of crimson buds,
 And the woods are full of birds,
 And the waters flow to music
 Like a tune with pleasant words.—WILLIS.

Though many suns have risen and set
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,
 And bards, who hailed thee, may forget
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn;
 There are who to a birthday strain
 Confine not harp and voice,
 But evermore throughout thy reign
 Are grateful and rejoice.—WORDSWORTH.

MELANCHOLY.

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Now coming towards me, grieves my inmost soul.

SHAKSPEARE.

A sudden damp has seized my spirits,
And, like a heavy weight,
Hangs on their active springs.—DRYDEN.

Sure some ill fate's upon me:
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.

OTWAY.

Go! you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.—ROGERS.

There is a kind of soothing sorrow
Which vulgar minds can never know;
There is a feeling that can borrow
Its wildest, sweetest thrill from woe.

EDWARD QUILLINAN.

MEMORY.

Things which offend when present, and affright,
In memory, well painted, move delight.—COWLEY.

Remember thee!
Yes, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All sows of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.—SHAKSPEARE.

MEMORY (continued).

Something like
That voice methinks I should have somewhere heard,
But floods and woes have hurried it far off,
Beyond my ken of soul.—DRYDEN.

Thou who stealest fire
From the fountains of the past
To glorify the present, oh, haste,
Visit my low desire!
Strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory!—TENNYSON.

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For evermore!
Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
A thought restore! MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis strange how much is marked on memory,
In which we may have interest but no part;
How circumstance will bring together links
In destinies the most dissimilar.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

ROGERS.

A pen—to register; a key—
That winds through secret wards;
Are well assigned to Memory
By allegoric bards.

MEMORY (*continued*).

As aptly, also, might be given
A pencil in her hand ;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand.

WORDSWORTH.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes ;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above the sceptred sway :
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKSPEARE.

Heav'n has but
Our sorrow for our sins, and their delights,
To pardon erring man. Sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice ;
As if there were degrees in Infinite,
And Infinite would rather want perfection,
Than punish to extent.

DRYDEN.

Sweet mercy is the loveliest flower
That heav'n e'er planted in the mind,
The test of virtue, whose soft power
Can nearer Godhead raise mankind.

JOSEPH REED.

MISER.

Slaves, who ne'er knew mercy ;
Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains,

MISER (continued).

Who laugh at human nature and forgiveness,
And are, like fiends, the factors for destruction.

ROWE.

Like a miser 'midst his store,
Who grasps and grasps till he can hold no more;
And when his strength is wanting to his mind,
Looks back and sighs on what he left behind.

DRYDEN.

MOON.

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellerow verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.

POPE.

The moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Unveiled with peerless light;
She o'er the dark her silver mantle threw,
And in her pale dominion checked the night.

MILTON.

The moon is up! How calm and still
She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.—PEABODY.

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,

MOON (continued.)

Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose upon the murky earth,
A white and shapeless mass.—SHELLEY.

The rising moon has hid the stars;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had drop't her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.—LONGFELLOW.

Sorrowful moon! seeming so drowned in woe,—
A queen, whom some grand battle-day has left
Unkingdomed and a widow, while the stars,
Thy handmaidens, are standing back in awe,
Gazing in silence on thy mighty grief.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

MOUNTAIN.

Behold yon mountain! hoary son of time,
Elder than poesy! above the vale
He frowneth, vast and horrid. In his clefts
The humble flow'ret blooms, and stunted trees
Twist on his crags. Around his gloomy sides,
Against his rugged head, the dashed clouds break;
Far off day crowns him with a gloom like night.
What though th' ascent is steep and rude the way?
Let us ascend the summit, and look down—
Around—above! to Him whose home is thought.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

In the calm darkness of the moonless night,
In the lone glare of day, the snows descend
Upon that mountain; none beholds them there,
Nor when the flakes burn in the sinking sun,
Or the star-beams dart through them: winds contend

MOUNTAIN (continued).

Silently there, and heap the snow, with breath
 Rapid and strong, but silently ; its home
 The voiceless lightning in those solitudes
 Keeps innocently, and like vapour broods
 Over the snow.

SHELLEY.

Behold the mountains, lessening as they rise,
 Lose the low vales and steal into the skies.—POPE.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
 Shines like another sun on mortal sight
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching night
 And all her twinkling stars. Who would not tread,
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head,—
 Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing
 Unswept, unstained ?

WORDSWORTH.

Above me are the Alps,
 The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 And throned eternity in icy halls
 Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
 The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !
 All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
 Gather around these summits, as to show
 How earth may pierce to heaven, yet leave vain man
 below !

BYRON.

MORNING.

The early lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluted in her song the morning grey ;
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
 That all th' horizon laughed to see the joyous sight ;
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
 And licks the dropping leaves, and dries the dews.

DRYDEN.

MORNING (continued).

And now the rosy messenger of day
Strikes the blue mountains with his golden ray.
POPE.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' orient clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with eastern pearl.
MILTON.

Night rolls the hours away;
The redd'ning orient shows the coming day;
The stars shine fainter on th' ethereal plains,
And of night's empire but a third remains.—POPE.

The rosy-fingered morn appears,
And from her mantle shakes the tears;
The sun, advancing, mortals cheers,
And drives the rising mists away,
In promise of a glorious day.—DRYDEN.

And now the smiling morn begins
Her rosy progress. MILTON.

And now the rising morn, with rosy light,
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight.
DRYDEN.

Behold the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
SHAKSPEARE.

See the day begins to break,
And the light shoots like a streak
Of subtle fire; the wind blows cold
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouse,
And the squirrel from the boughs

MORNING (continued).

Leaps to get him nuts and fruit :
 The early lark, that erst was mute,
 Carols to the rising day
 Many a note and many a lay.

BRAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

When through the morning's fleecy veil
 The early sun looks forth with softened rays,
 Like a stilled infant smiling in his tears,
 When, lightly curling on the dewy air,
 The cottage smoke doth wind its path to heaven ;
 When larks sing shrill, and village cocks do crow,
 And lows the heifer loosened from her stall ;
 When heaven's soft breath plays on the woodman's
 brow,
 And every harebell and wild tangled flower
 Smells sweetly from its cage of chequered dew ;
 When merry huntsmen wind the cheerful horn,
 And from its covert starts the fearful prey,—
 Who, warmed with youth's blood in his swelling veins,
 Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,
 Shut up from all the fair creation offers ?

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The impatient morn,
 With gladness on his wings, calls forth, " Arise ! "
 To trace the hills, the vales, where thousand dyes
 The ground adorn,
 While the dew sparkles yet within the violet's eyes.

PICKERING.

Lo ! on the eastern summit, clad in grey,
 Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes ;
 And from his tower of mist
 Night's watchman hurries down.

KIRKE WHITE.

MORNING (continued).

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountains curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little but his last;
But mighty Nature bounds as from her birth,—
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendour in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

BYRON.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
And now appears the blushing dawn;
Aurora has her roses shed,
To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread.

CHARLES COTTON.

Morn, in the white wake of the morning star,
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

TENNYSON.

Morning on her balmy wing,
From every flower that blows around,
To all a grateful tribute brings
Who early tread th' enamelled ground.

BICKNELL.

MUSIC.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
The universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.—DRYDEN.

If music be the food of love, play on:
That strain again: it had a dying fall:
Oh! it came o'er my ear like a sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours.—SHAKSPEARE.

MUSIC (continued).

Oh! give me music, for my soul doth faint;
 I'm sick of noise and care; and now mine ear
 Longs for some air of peace, some dying plaint,
 That may the spirit from its cell unsphere.

KIRKE WHITE.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleased
 With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
 Some chord in unison with what we hear
 Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

COWPER.

Come forth, lost spirits of the world of sound!
 Leave, leave awhile your aye sweet tasks above;
 And rear your starry heads with music crowned,
 And once more weave an earthly song of love!

BARRY CORNWALL.

Song lifts the languid oar,
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime
 That beautifies the fairest shore,
 And mitigates the harshest clime.

WORDSWORTH.

Music, oh, how faint, how weak!
 Language fades before thy spell:
 Why should feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

T. MOORE.

NATURE.

Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light;
 Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,—
 At once the source, the end, and test of art.

POPE.

NATURE (continued).

The God of nature and of grace
In all His works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven.—HEBER.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

BYRON.

NIGHTINGALE.

Whence is it, that amazed I hear
From yonder withered spray,
This foremost month of all the year
The melody of May?—COWPER.

Thy voice is sweet—is sad—is clear;
And yet, methinks, 't should flow unseen,
Like hidden rivers that we hear
Singing amongst the forests green.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still!
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart doth fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love.—MILTON.

NIGHTINGALE (continued).

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu !
 Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year !
 Ah ! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
 And pour thy music on the "night's dull ear."

Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
 Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
 The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
 And still protect the song she loves so well.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird,—
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn—
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.—KEATS.

NIGHT. (See Evening.)

Darkness now rose, and brought the lowering night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light, and absent day.

MILTON.

Now deep in ocean sunk the lamp of light
 And drew behind the cloudy veil of night.—POPE.

Soon, as with gentle sighs, the evening breeze
 Began to whisper thro' the murm'ring trees ;
 And night had wrapt in shades the mountains' heads,
 While winds lay hushed in subterranean beds.

GARTH.

NIGHT (continued).

The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and viewed with equal face
Her sleepy rise and her declining race.—DRYDEN.

Now had night measured, with her shadowy cone,
Half-way up hill this vast sublunar vault.—MILTON.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist, no little cloud
Breaks the serene of heaven.
In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Around her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads;
Like the round ocean, girded by the sea,
How beautiful is night!—SOUTHEY.

I heard the trailing garments of the night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!—LONGFELLOW.

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear
Were discord to the speaking quietude
That wraps this moveless scene.—SHELLEY.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

BYRON.
L 2

NIGHT (continued).

It is the witching hour. The night
 Sits on her cold meridian height,
 And the starry troops are seen
 Camping round their ancient queen,
 Till upon the eastern zone
 Ascends a rival to her throne;
 And the pearly lunar horn
 Shines, but a more silent morn.—CROLY.

"Twas night: our anchored vessel slept
 Out on the glassy sea;
 And still as heaven the waters kept
 And golden bright, as he,
 The setting sun, was sinking low
 Beneath the eternal wave;
 And the ocean seemed a pall to throw
 Over the monarch's grave.—ROCKWELL.

Night is the time for rest:
 How sweet when labours close,
 To gather round an aching breast
 The curtain of repose;
 Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
 Upon our own delightful bed.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NOBILITY.

Nobility of blood
 Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
 The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
 Is filled with inbred worth, unborrowed from his kind.

DRYDEN.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,—
 Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities and a' that;
 The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
 Are higher ranks than a' that.—BURNS.

NOBILITY (continued).

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.—**BURNS.**

OAK.—OAKS.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees :
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays.

DRYDEN.

His arms from their trunk are riven ;
His body all barked and squared ;
And he's now, like a felon, driven
In chains to the strong dockyard :
He's sawn through the middle, and turned
For the ribs of a frigate free ;
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned ;
And now—he is fit for sea !

BARRY CORNWALL.

I see an oak before me : it hath been
The crowned one of the woods ; and might have flung
Its hundred arms to heaven, still freshly green ;
But a wild vine around the stem hath clung,
From branch to branch close wreaths of bondage
throwing,
Till the proud tree, before no tempest bowing,
Hath shrunk and died those serpent folds among,
Alas ! alas ! what is it that I see ?
An image of man's mind, land of my sires, with thee !

MRS. HEMANS.

The sapling oak, lost in the dell,
Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
And every infant shoot repel,
Droops, hopeless, o'er th' exhausted soil.

OAK (continued).

At length the woodman clears the ground,
 Where'er the noxious thicket spread,
 And high reviving o'er the ground
 The forest monarch lifts his head.—COBB.

OCEAN.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of eternity, the throne
 Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom torn with furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains to assault
 Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

MILTON.

The sea itself smooths its rough face awhile,
 Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;
 But he whose shipwrecked bark it drank before,
 Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more.

COWLEY.

As when old ocean roars,
 And heaves huge surges to the trembling shores,
 The groaning banks are burst with bellowing sound,
 The rocks re-murmur, and the deeps rebound.

POPE.

OLD AGE.

For youth itself's an empty wavering state :
Cool age advances venerably wise,
Turns on all hands its deep-discrimining eyes ;
Sees what befell, and what may yet befall ;
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

POPE.

We yet may see the old man in a morning,
Lusty as health, come ruddy to the field,
And there pursue the chase as if he meant
T' o'er take time, and bring back youth again.

OTWAY.

They say I'm old ; because I'm grey,
The agèd bard, they now call me !
But, grey or green, I boldly say,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

Though sixty years and ten may doom
Tired men to rest with worms and me ;
With sixty gone, and ten to come,
We're not old yet, but mean to be.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

And said I that my limbs were old ?
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love ?

SCOTT.

As in our individual fate,
Our manhood and maturer date
Correct the faults and follies of our youth ;
So will the world, I fondly hope,
With added years give fuller scope
To the display and love of wisdom, justice, truth.

HORACE SMITH.

OWL.

With boding note
The solitary screech-owl strains her throat :
Or on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.

DRYDEN.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom brings logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whoo !
To-whit, to-whoo ! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

SHAKSPEARE.

When cats run home, and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone, and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.—TENNYSON.

I see thee coming, critic owl!—
I see thee from thy haunt advance ;
With griping claw and hungry glance
I see thee dart upon thy prey,
And bear him to the shades away.
Oh, mighty owl ! forbear, forbear ;
One vagrant should another spare.

W. T. MONCRIEFF (from the Greek).

In the hollow tree, in the old grey tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell ;
Dull, hated, despised, in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk, he's abroad and well !

OWL (continued).

Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
 All mock him outright by day;
 But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
 The boldest will shrink away;
 Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
 Then, then is the reign of the hornèd owl.

BARRY CORNWALL.

While moonlight, silvering all the walls,
 Through every mouldering crevice falls,
 (Tipping with white his powdery plume,
 As shades or shifts the changing gloom,)
 The owl that, watching in the barn,
 Sees the mouse creeping in the corn,
 Sits still and shuts his round blue eyes
 As if he slept,—until he spies
 The little beast within its stretch,
 Then starts, and seizes on the wretch.—BUTLER.

PARTING.

Parting is worse than death : 'tis death of love!
 The soul and body part not with such pain
 As I from you.

DRYDEN.

Her voice did quiver as we parted,
 Yet knew I not that heart was broken
 From whence it came, and I departed,
 Heeding not the words then spoken.
 Misery—O misery !
 This world is all too wide for thee.

SHELLEY.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked back
 To that dear isle 'twas leaving.

PARTING (continued).

So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us;
 So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
 To those we've left behind us.—T. MOORE.

There's such sweet pain in parting,
 That I could hang for ever on thine arms,
 And look away my life into thine eyes.—OTWAY.

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
 That I shall say good night till it be tomorrow.

SHAKSPEARE.

PASTOR.—PRIEST.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

GOLDSMITH.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and
 the children
 Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to
 bless them.
 Reverend he walked among them; and up rose
 matrons and maidens,
 Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
 welcome.

LONGFELLOW.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train,—
 An awful, reverend, and religious man;
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
 As God had clothed his own ambassador,
 For such, on earth, his blest Redeemer wore.

DRYDEN.

PATRIOTISM.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land;"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrels' raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.—SCOTT.

PEASANTRY.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

PITY.

And pity on fresh objects only stays,
But with the tedious sight of woes decays.

DRYDEN.

Friend of the poor, the sad, the weak,
Heart-soothing Pity, offspring meek
 Of Mercy and Despair.—HENRY NEELE.

PLAYER.

I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,—
Speak, and look big, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

PLAYER (continued).

Intending deep suspicion ; ghastly looks
 Are at my service, like enforc'd smiles ;
 And both are ready in their offices
 At any time to grace my stratagems.—SHAKSPEARE.

Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
 That from her workings all his visage warmed ;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit ? and all for nothing !
 For Hecuba ! What's Hecuba to him, or he to
 Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her ?—SHAKSPEARE.

Like a player
 Bellowing his passion till he break the spring,
 And his racked voice jar to the audience.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sad happy race ! soon raised and soon depressed,
 Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest ;
 Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain ;
 Not warned by misery, not enriched by gain.

CRABBE.

Children of Thespis, welcome ! knights and queens,
 Counts, barons, beauties, when before your scenes,
 And mighty monarchs thundering from your throne ;
 Then step behind, and all your glory's gone :
 Of crown and palace, throne and guards bereft,
 The pomp is vanished, and the care is left.
 Yet strong and lively is the joy they feel,
 When the full house secures the plenteous meal ;

PLAYER (continued).

Flattering and flattered ; each attempts to raise
 A brother's merits for a brother's praise :
 For never hero shows a prouder heart,
 Than he who proudly acts a hero's part ;
 Nor without cause : the boards, we know, can yield
 Place for fierce contest, like the tented field.—CRABBE.

POET.—POETS.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
 With golden stars above ;
 Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of
 scorn,
 The love of love.—TENNYSON.

Love the poet, pretty one !
 He unfoldeth knowledge fair ;
 Lessons of the earth and sun,
 And of azure air.
 He can teach thee how to reap
 Music from the golden lyre ;
 He can show thee how to steep
 All thy thoughts in fire.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
 Their works shall with the world remain :
 Both bound together, live or die,
 The verses and the prophecy.

* * * *

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
 The glory of his numbers lost !
 Years have defaced his matchless strain,
 And yet he did not sing in vain.—WALLER.

Oh ! 'tis a sleeping poet ! and his verse
 Sings like the syren isles. An opulent soul
 Dropt in my path like a great cup of gold,
 All rich and rough with stories of the gods !

POET (continued).

Methinks all poets should be gentle, fair,
And ever young, and ever beautiful:
I'd have all poets to be like to this,—
Gold-haired and rosy-lipped, to sing of Love.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempest roar,
The billow ere it breaks upon the shore.—COWPER.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared,
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness;
A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep;
Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh:
He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
And virgins, as unknown he passed, have pined
And wasted for fond love of his soft eyes.—SHELLEY.

Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
O thou my elder brother in misfortune,
By far my elder brother in the muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
Why is the bard unpitied by the world,
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures?—BURNS.

Trace the young poet's fate:
Fresh from his solitude, the child of dreams,
His heart upon his lips, he seeks the world,
To find him fame and fortune, as if life

POET (continued).

Were like a fairy tale. His song has led
 The way before him ; flatteries fill his ear,
 His presence courted, and his words are caught ;
 And he seems happy in so many friends.
 What marvel if he somewhat overrate
 His talents and his state ? These scenes soon change.
 The vain, who sought to mix their name with his ;
 The idle,—all these have been gratified,
 And now neglect stings even more than scorn.

L. E. L. (MRS. MACLEAN.)

Who is the poet ? Who the man whose lines
 Live in the souls of men like household words ?
 Whose thought, spontaneous as the song of birds,
 With eldest truth coeval, still combines
 With each day's product, and like morning shines
 Exempt from age ? 'Tis he, and only he,
 Who knows that Truth is free, and only free,—
 That Virtue, acting in the strict confines
 Of positive law, instructs the infant spirit
 In its best strength, and proves its mere demerit
 Rooted in earth, yet tending to the sky,
 With patient hope surveys the narrow bound,
 Culls every flower that loves the lowly ground,
 And, fraught with sweetness, wings her way on high.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The young author, panting after fame,
 And the long honours of a lasting name,
 Intrusts his happiness to human kind,
 More false, more cruel, than the seas or wind.

JOHNSON.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
 Nor from the legislator's seat,
 Stands far remote the bard.
 Though not with public terrors crowned,
 Yet wider shall his rule be found,
 More lasting his reward.—AKENSIDE.

POPULACE.

Dissensious rogues,
 That rubbing the poor itch of your opinions
 Make yourselves scabs.
 That like not peace nor war : the one affrights you,
 The other makes you proud.

Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate. Your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead.

SHAKSPEARE.

The scum
 That rises upmost when the nation boils.

DRYDEN.

The power of armies is a visible thing,
 Formal, and circumscribed in time and space;
 But who the limits of that power shall trace
 Which a brave people into light can bring
 Or hide at will,—for freedom combating,
 By just revenge inflamed?—WORDSWORTH.

PRIMROSE.

A primrose by a river's brim,
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.—WORDSWORTH.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.
 So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
 Of life she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved.—KIRKE WHITE.

PRISONER.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose;
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned, and barred,—forbidden fare.

BYRON.

RAGE.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls.
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver Love supplies its place.—ROWE.

His breast with fury burned, his eyes with fire,
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.—DRYDEN.

In his black thoughts revenge and slaughter roll,
And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul.—POPE.

Oppose not rage while rage is in its force;
But give it way awhile, and let it waste:
The rising deluge is not stopped with dams;
Those it o'erbears, and drowns the hope of harvest;
But, wisely managed, its divided strength
Is sluiced in channels, and securely drained.
And, when its force is spent and unsupplied,
The residue and mounds may be restrained,
And dry-shod we may pass the naked ford.

SHAKSPEARE.

RAINBOW.

"Tis a picture in memory distinctly defined,
With the strong and unperishing colours of mind;
A part of my being beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, and transcribed on my soul.

CAMPBELL.

M.

RAINBOW (continued).

Jove's wond'rous bow, of three celestial dyes,
Placed as a sign to man amidst the skies.—POPE.

REPUTATION.

Good name in man or woman
Is the immediate jewel of our souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 'tis something,
nothing ;
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed. SHAKSPEARE.

RHYMES.

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.

BUTLER.

And those who write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake ;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think's sufficient for one time.—BUTLER.

RICHES. (See Gold.)

Fond men, by passions wilfully betrayed,
Adore those idols which their fancy made ;
Purchasing riches with our time and care,
We lose our freedom in a gilded snare ;
And having all, all to ourselves refuse,
Oppressed with blessings which we fear to lose.
In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,
If our abundance makes us wish for more.

ROSCOMMON.

RIVER.—RIVERS. (See Brook.)

River, arise ! whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,

RIVER (continued).

Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
His thirsty arms along the indented meads ;
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath ;
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death ;
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,
Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee ;
Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name ;
Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame.

MILTON.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swelled,
And the mixed ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the roused-up river pours along ;
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads,
Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrained
Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

THOMSON.

But thou, exulting and abounding river !
Making thy waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever,
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then to see
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like heaven ; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream ?—that it should Lethe
be.

BYRON.

O Cambrian river ! with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers ;
Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers ;

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RIVER (continued).

Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours
 Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
 Though time and change, and other mightier powers,
 Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream,
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
 Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,
 Low, sweet, unchanged.

MRS. HEMANS.

ROSE.

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addressed,
 Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
 Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
 The soul of her beauty and love lay bare. SHELLEY.

How much of memory dwells amidst thy bloom,
 Rose! ever wearing beauty for thy dower!
 The bridal-day—the festival—the tomb—
 Thou hast thy part in each, thou stateliest flower!

MRS. HEMANS.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
 And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
 The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
 And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
 O wilding rose! whom fancy thus endears,
 I bid your blossom in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love, through future years.

SCOTT.

"Change me, some god, into that breathing rose!"
 The love-sick stripling fancifully sighs;
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies
 On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose.

WORDSWORTH.

The rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field;
 When its leaves are all dead, and its colours are lost,
 A perfume, still sweet, it will yield. DR. WATTS.

RUMOUR.

Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And is so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blind monster with uncounted heads,
The still discordant, wavering multitude,
Can play upon't.

SHAKSPEARE.

SEA-SHORE.

When evening came, toward the echoing shore,
Tranquil and pleased, we walked together forth;
Bright with dilated glory shone the west;
But brighter lay the ocean flood below,
The burnished silver sea, that heaved and flushed,
Its restless rays intolerably bright.—SOUTHEY.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

TENNYSON.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array,
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!
My spirit greets ye as ye stand
Breasting the billows foam:
O! thus for ever guard the land,
The severed land of home.—MRS. HEMANS.

SHIP.—SHIPS.

Hoarse o'er the side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furled, and anchoring round she swings:

SHIPS (continued).

And gathering loiterers on the land discern
 Her boat descending from the latticed stern.
 'Tis manned—the oars keep concert to the strand,
 Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.
 Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!
 When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;
 The smile, the question, and the quick reply,
 And the heart's promise of festivity!—BYRON.

The ship was at rest in the tranquil bay,
 Unmoved by a ripple—undimmed by a cloud:
 The winds were asleep, and her broad sails lay
 As still and as white as a winding-shroud.
 She was a fair and beautiful thing,
 With the waters around her, all peaceful and bright;
 Ready for speed as a wild bird's wing,
 Graceful in quiet—'mid glory and light.—ELIZA COOK.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
 Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;
 Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,
 Fare thee well, bark—farewell!—MRS. HEMANS.

Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?
 Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
 Festively she puts forth in trim array;
 Is she for tropic suns or polar snow?
 What boots the inquiry? Neither friend nor foe
 She cares for: let her travel where she may,
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow.—WORDSWORTH.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh, they who've felt it know how sweet,
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

SHIPS (*continued*).

Sparkling at once is every eye,
“Ship ahoy!” our joyful cry;
While answering back the sound we hear,
“Ship ahoy! What cheer? What cheer?”

T. MOORE.

SHIPWRECK.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.—BYRON.

The great ship seems splitting! it cracks as a tree,
While an earthquake is splintering its root, ere the blast
Of the whirlwind that stript it of branches has past.
The intense thunder-balls which are raining from heaven
Have shattered its mast, and it stands black and riven.
The chinks suck destruction. The heavy dead hulk
On the living sea rolls an inanimate bulk,
Like a corpse on the clay which is hung’ring to fold
Its corruption around it. Meanwhile, from the hold,
One deck is burst up from the waters below,
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O’er the lakes of the desert! SHELLEY.

SIGH.

He raised a sigh so hideous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. SHAKSPEARE.

All the vital air that life draws in
Is rendered back in sighs.

ROWE.

SIGH (continued).

Nor woman's sighs nor tears are true,
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,
 Nothing like to ours at all;
 But sighs and tears have sexes too.—**COWLEY.**

Had I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
 Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell,
 Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart.—**KEATS.**

SILENCE.

Still as the peaceful walks of ancient night;
 Silent as are the lamps that burn on tombs.

SHAKSPEARE.

Silent as dews that fall in dead of night.—**DRYDEN.**

Let the proud orator assert the power
 That language holds; but the soul, prouder still,
 Shall keep an eloquence all, all her own,
 And mock the tongued interpreter.—**ELIZA COOK.**

The fire of those soft orbs has ceased to burn,
 And silence, too, enamoured of that voice,
 Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.—**SHELLEY.**

'Tis silence gives soul to the beauty of night;
 'Tis silence keeps secrets, the lover's delight;
 The stream moves in stillness, when soft on its breast
 The willows' fond leaves lie in kisses at rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

SINGING.

She sung, and carolled out so clear,
 That men and angels might rejoice to hear;
 Even wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
 And learned from her to welcome in the spring.

DRYDEN.

SINGING (continued).

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings;
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.

SHELLEY.

Yet, what matter for the strain,
Be it joy, or be it pain,
So thy now imprisoned voice
In its matchless strength rejoice?
So it burst its fetters strong,
And soar forth on wingèd song?

BARRY CORNWALL.

Lady, sing no more!
Science is in vain,
Till the heart be touched
And give forth its pain.

BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing—sing! music was given
To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
Souls here, like planets in heaven,
By harmony's laws are kept moving.

T. MOORE.

By its fond and plaintive lingering
On each word of grief so long,
Oh! thou hast loved and suffered much;
I know it by thy song. MRS. HEMANS.

SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground —
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will ?
 Those quivering wings composed that music still !

WORDSWORTH.

The lark that shuns on lofty boughs to build
 Her humble nest, lies silent in the field ;
 But if the promise of a cloudless day,
 Aurora smiling, bids her rise and play,
 Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,
 Or power to climb, she made so low a choice ;
 Singing she mounts, her airy wings are stretched
 To 'ards heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetched.

WALLER.

And now the herald lark
 Left his ground nest, and towering to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song.

MILTON.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourrest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

SHELLEY.

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies.—SHAKSPEARE.

Oh, skylark, for thy wing !
 Thou bird of joy and light,
 That I might soar and sing
 At heaven's empyreal height.

MRS. HEMANS.

SKYLARK (continued).

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and comberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea;
Emblem of happiness,
Blessed is thy dwelling place;
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

The tuneful lark, as soaring high
Upon its downy wings,
With wonder views the vaulted sky,
And mounting sweetly sings.
Ambition swells its little breast
Suspended high in air;
But gently dropping to the nest,
Finds real pleasure there.

O'KEEFE.

SLEEP.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's best nurse ! how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?
Why rather, sleep, lyest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallads stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night, flyest to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopy of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody ?
O thou dull god ! why lyest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch ?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the sea-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds ?
Canst thou, O partial sleep ! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stillest night
Deny it to a king ?

SHAKSPEARE.

SLEEP (*continued*).

O sacred rest !
 Sweet pleasing sleep ! of all the powers the best !
 O peace of mind ! repairer of decay,
 Whose balms renew the limbs to labours of the day ;
 Care shuns thy soft approach, and, sullen, flies away.

DRYDEN.

Sleep, that locks up the senses from their care ;
 The death of each day's life ; tired Nature's bath !
 Balm for hurt minds, great Nature's second course,

Death's counterfeit,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.—SHAKSPEARE.

The timely dew of sleep
 Now falling, with soft slumberous weight inclines
 My eyelids. MILTON.

Then gentle sleep, with soft oppression, seized
 My drowsy sense. MILTON.

Winds, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
 And fan her with your cooling wings ;
 Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
 From pure, and yet unrivalled springs.

CHARLES COTTON.

Come to me, gentle sleep !
 I pine, I pine for thee ;
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
 And set my spirit free !—MRS. HEMANS.

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe ;
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SLEEP (continued).

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary queen the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That slid into my soul.—S. T. COLERIDGE.

O gentle sleep ! do they belong to thee,
Those twinklings of oblivion ? Thou dost love
To sit in meekness, like the brooding dove,
A captive never wishing to be free !

WORDSWORTH.

SMILE.

A smile that glowed
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue.—MILTON.

She spoke it with a smile
That seemed at once to pity and revile.—COWLEY.

What charms has sorrow in that face ?
Sorrow seems pleased to dwell with so much sweetness ;
Yet now and then a melancholy smile
Breaks out, like lightning in a winter's night,
And shows a moment's day.—DRYDEN.

While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul ;
But where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brightened all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

T. MOORE.

SOLDIER.

Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

SOLDIER (continued).

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.

SHAKSPEARE.

A leader seemed
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, to stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle; open when, and when to close
 The vigour of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat; no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear; each on himself relied,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory.

MILTON.

He in the battle had a thirsty sword,
 And well 'twas glutted there.

DRYDEN.

The life which others pay, let us bestow,
 And give to fame what we to nature owe.
 Brave, though we fall, and honoured if we live,
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

POPE.

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
 And lightnings showed the distant hill,
 Where those who lost that dreadful day
 Stood few and faint, but fearless still.
 The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
 For ever dimmed, for ever crost:
 Oh! who shall say what heroes feel
 When all but life and honour's lost!

T. MOORE.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;

SOLDIER (continued).

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come!
 they come!"

BYRON.

SPRING.

Fled now the sullen murmurs of the north,
 The splendid raiment of the spring peeps forth;
 Her universal green, and the clear sky,
 Delight still more and more the gazing eye.
 Wide o'er the fields, in rising moisture strong,
 Shoots up the simple flower, or creeps along
 The mellowed soil; imbibing fairer hues,
 Or sweets from frequent showers and evening dews;
 That summon from their sheds the slumbering ploughs,
 While health impregnates every breeze that blows.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

When spring makes equal day,
 When western winds on curling waters play;
 When painted meads produce their flowery crops,
 And swallows twitter on the chimney-tops.

DRYDEN.

In that soft season, when descending showers
 Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers;
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray.—POPE.

When the wind blows in the sweet rose tree,
 And the cow lows on the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows all bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not for me,
 'Tis not for any *one* here, I trow:

SPRING (continued).

The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below !
 O the spring, the bountiful spring !
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

BARRY CORNWALL.

The pleasant spring, the joyous spring !
 His course is onward now ;
 He comes with sunlight on his wing,
 And beauty on his brow ;
 His impulse thrills through rill and flood,
 And throbs along the main,—
 'Tis stirring in the waking wood,
 And trembling o'er the plain.

CORNELIUS WEBBE.

The spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
 With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
 And with it comes a thirst to be away
 In lovelier scenes to pass these sweeter hours,
 A feeling like the worm's awakening wings,
 Wild for companionship with swifter things.

WILLIS.

Welcome sweet season of delight ;
 What beauties charm the wond'ring sight
 In thy enchanting reign !
 How fresh descends the morning dew,
 While opening flowers of various hue
 Bedeck the sprightly plain.

ELIZABETH BENTLEY.

The love-thrilling hedge-birds are wild with delight ;
 Like arrows loud whistling the swallows fit by ;
 The rapturous lark, as he soars out of sight,
 Sends us sun-lighted melody down from the sky.
 In the air that they quaff, all the feathery throng
 Taste the spirit of spring that outbursts in a song.

HORACE SMITH.

SPRING (continued).

When early primroses appear,
 And vales are decked with daffodils,
 I hail the new-reviving year,
 And soothing hope my bosom fills.
 The lambkin bleating on the plain,
 The swallow, seen with gladdened eye,
 The welcome cuckoo's merry strain,
 Proclaim the joyful summer nigh.—WILLIAMS.

Welcome! all hail to thee! welcome, young Spring!
 Thy sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing;
 Beauty shines forth in the blossom-robed trees;
 Fragrance floats by on the soft southern breeze;
 Music, sweet music, sounds over the earth:
 One glad choral song greets the primrose's birth;
 The lark soars above, with his shrill matin strain;
 The shepherd-boy tunes his reed-pipe on the plain.

ELIZA COOK.

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come;
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

THOMSON.

STARS.

There is no light in earth or heaven
 But the cold light of the stars;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.—LONGFELLOW.

The gems of heaven, that gild night's sable throne.

DRYDEN.

MORNING STAR.

Fairest of stars, last of the train of night!
 If better thou belong not to the dawn;
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet. MILTON.

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*STARS (continued).***EVENING STAR.**

Bright Hesperus, that leads the starry train,
 Whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth: short arbiter
 "Twixt day and night. MILTON.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
 The moon in brightness walks on high,
 And, set in azure, every star
 Shines a pure gem of heaven afar.

MRS. HEMANS.

Oh, who can witness with a careless eye
 The countless lamps that light an evening sky,
 And not be struck with wonder at the sight!
 To think what mighty power must there abound,
 That burns each spangle with a steady light,
 And guides each hanging world its rolling round?

JOHN CLARE.

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
 Your brilliant places in the sable vault
 Of night's dominions! planets, and central orbs
 Of other systems: big as the burning sun
 Which lights this nether globe; yet to our eye
 Small as the glowworm's lamp.

KIRKE WHITE.

They glide upon their endless way,
 For ever calm, for ever bright;
 No blind hurry, no delay,
 Mark the daughters of the night:
 They follow in the track of day
 In divine delight. BARRY CORNWALL.

STARS (continued).

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
 To weave the dance that measures the years;
 Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
 To the furthest wall of the firmament,
 The boundless visible smile of Him,
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

BRYANT.

Shine out, stars! let heaven assemble
 Round us every festal ray;
 Lights that move not, lights that tremble,
 All to grace this eve of May. T. MOORE.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the west,
 Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
 Like a fair lady at her casement shines
 The evening star, the star of love and rest!
 And then anon she doth herself divest
 Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
 Beyond the solemn screen of yonder pines,
 With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
 O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
 My morning and my evening star of love!
 My best and gentlest lady, even thus,
 As that fair planet in the sky above,
 Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
 And from thy darkened window fades the light!

LONGFELLOW.

Stars! ever bright and placid stars,
 Meek fires, resplendent dew!
 How vain the dream that earthly jars
 Have ministers in you!
 Yet who e'er gazed, and long withstood
 Such dreams of fancied brotherhood?

MISS JEWESBURY (MRS. FLETCHER).

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STEAM.—STEAM-ENGINE.

The vaporous power, whose close-pent breath,
Potent alike and prompt to great or small,
Now rives the firm-set rock, now deigns to point
The needle's viewless sting; now drains the bed
Of mighty rivers, or the tide of ocean;
Now weaves the gossamer of silken robe,
Beauty's fantastic tissue, iris-tinged,
That floats with every breeze.

WILKS.

Motions and means, on land and sea at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar
The loveliness of nature, prove a bar
To the mind's gaining that pathetic sense
Of future change, that point of wisdom, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that beauty may disown
In your harsh features, nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in man's art; and time,
Pleased with the triumphs o'er his brother space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime.

WORDSWORTH.

STORM.

And this is in the night. Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! Let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

BYRON.

Either tropic now
'Gan thunder: at both ends of heaven the clouds,
From many a horrid rift abortive, poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed—water with fire

STORM (continued).

In ruin reconciled. Dreadful was the rack,
As earth and sky would mingle. Nor yet slept the
winds

Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer. MILTON.

STREAM.

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,
Till by degrees the crystal mirror shines ;
Reflects each flower that on its border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.

ADDISON.

The innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,
On both its banks, to every flower and tree.

COWLEY.

Flow on, rejoice, make music,
Bright living stream set free !
The troubled haunts of care and strife
Were not for thee ! MRS. HEMANS.

SUMMER.

'Tis June, 'tis merry smiling June,
'Tis blushing summer now ;
The rose is red—the bloom is dead—
The fruit is on the bough.
Flora with Ceres, hand in hand,
Bring all their smiling train ;
The yellow corn is waving high,
To gild the earth again. ELIZA COOK.

SUMMER (continued).

From brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
 Child of the sun, resplendent Summer comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :
 He comes attended by the sultry hours,
 And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ;
 While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth and skies,
 All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.—THOMSON.

Summer now unfolds her scenes ;
 Beauteous flowers, vernal greens,
 Break upon our ravished sight,
 Nature's wonders, with delight.

RICHARD TAYLOR.

Now each tree, by summer crowned,
 Sheds its own rich twilight round !
 Glancing there from sun to shade,
 Bright wings play ;
 There the deer its couch hath made—
 Come away !
 Where the smooth leaves of the lime
 Glisten in their honey-time—
 Come away—away !—MRS. HEMANS.

SUN.

The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
 (Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
 That from his lordly eye keep distance due)
 Dispenses light from far. They, as they move
 Their starry dance, in numbers that compute
 Days, months, and years, tow'rds his all-cheering
 lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turned
 By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The universe ; and to each inward part,
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue, even to the deep.

MILTON.

SUN (continued).

And now from forth the chambers of the main,
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipt the mountains with a purple ray.

POPE.

O sun ! of this great world both eye and soul.

MILTON.

The sun comes forth; each mountain height
Glowes with a tinge of rosy light;
The flowers, that slumbered through the night,
Their dewy leaves unfold :
A flood of splendour bursts on high,
And ocean's breast gives back a sky
All steeped in molten gold.

MRS. HEMANS.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds
And morning fogs, that hovered round the hills
In party-coloured bands, till wide unveiled
The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far stretched around, to meet the bending sphere.

THOMSON.

O Phœbus ! down the western sky,
Far hence diffuse thy burning ray ;
Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

JOHNSON.

SWALLOW.

The swallows, privileged above the rest
Of all the birds, as man's familiar guest,
Pursue the sun in summer brisk and bold,
But wisely shun the persecuting cold.
When frowning skies begin to change their cheer,
And time turns up the wrong side of the year,
They seek a better heaven and warmer climes.

DRYDEN.

SWALLOW (continued).

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
 And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun ;
 So, true to our love, we should covet his rays,
 And the place where he shines not, immediately shun.

COWPER.

O swallow, swallow ! flying, flying south,
 Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
 And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.
 O swallow, swallow ! if I could follow, and light
 Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
 And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

TENNYSON.

SWAN.

The silver swans sail down the watery road,
 And graze the floating herbage of the flood.

DRYDEN.

The sickening swan thus hangs her silver wings,
 And, as she droops, her elegy she sings.—GARTH.

Let beeves and homebred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
 The swan on still St. Mary's lake
 Floats double—swan and shadow.

WORDSWORTH.

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
 Of that wild place with joy
 Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
 The warble was low and full and clear;
 And floating about the under sky,
 Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
 Sometimes afar and sometimes anear ;
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,
 With a music strange and manifold,
 Flowed forth on a carol free and bold.—TENNYSON.

SWAN (continued).

A solitary swan her breast of snow
Launches against the wave, that seems to freeze,
Into a chaste reflection, still below,
Twin-shadow of herself wherever she may go.

T. HOOD.

TEARS.

Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep :
Passion I see is catching ; for my eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Begin to water. SHAKSPEARE.

He thrice essayed to speak, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth ; at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

MILTON.

Mine is a grief of fury, not despair ;
And if a manly drop or two fall down,
It scalds my cheeks ; like a green wood
That, sputtering in the flames, works outward into
tears. DRYDEN.

The April's in her eyes ; it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.

SHAKSPEARE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean ;
Tears, from the depth of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation or fear ;
Give me the soft sigh, while the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear. BYRON.

TEARS (continued).

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
It waves the bush, the flower is dry. SCOTT.

THANKS.

With what becoming thanks can I reply?
Not only words lie labouring in my breast,
But thought itself is by thy praise oppressed.

DRYDEN

Let my tears thank you, for I cannot speak;

And if I could,

Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

DRYDEN.

Words would but wrong the gratitude I owe you.

OTWAY.

TIME

Oh, Time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled;
Time! the corrector when our judgments err;
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists—from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer;
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift

Byron

The lapse of time and rivers is the same;
Both speed their journey with a restless stream;
The silent pace with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayers persuade to stay:
Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.—COWPER

TIME (continued).

Time speeds away—away—away :
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills, can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.

KNOX.

Inexorable king ! thy sway
Is fixed on firm but cruel might :
It rolls indeed the radiant day,
But sinks it soon in deepest night ;
It bids the little flow'ret spring,
But while it waves its elfin wing,
Its fleeting glories go ;
It suffers hope to dance awhile,
Nursing the fondling's fatal smile,
That tears may faster flow ;
And only bids fair beauty bloom,
At last to blast it in the tomb.—HENRY NEELE.

Oh ! never chide the wing of time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight !
You'll find the days speed quick enough,
If you but husband them aright.

ELIZA COOK.

TO-MORROW.

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom ;
That is not ours which is to come !
The present moment's all our store,
The next should heaven allow,
Then this will be no more :
So all our life is but one instant—now !

CONGREVE.

We are not sure to-morrow will be ours ;
Wars have, like love, their favourable hours :
Let us use all, for if we lose one day,
The white one in the crowd may slip away.

DRYDEN.

TO-MORROW (continued).

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own !
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.

DRYDEN.

The hoary fool, who many days
 Has struggled with continued sorrow,
 Renews his hopes, and blindly lays
 The desperate bet upon to-morrow :
 To-morrow comes,—'tis noon,—'tis night ;
 This day like all the former fled ;
 Yet on he runs to seek delight
 To-morrow, 'till to-night he's dead.—PRIOR.

Live, live to-day : to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set.—MARDEN.

Where art thou, beloved to-morrow ?
 When young and old, and strong and weak,
 Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow,
 Thy sweet smiles we ever seek,—
 In thy place—ah ! well-a-day !—
 We find the thing we fled—To-day.—SHELLEY.

“ To-morrow I will live,” the fool doth say ;
 To-day itself's too late ; the wise lived yesterday.

COWLEY.

TREES.

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
 Wave proudly in the breeze ;
 For our cradle bands and coffin boards,
 Must come from the forest trees.
 We bless you for your summer shade,
 When our weak limbs fail and tire ;
 Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
 When we pile the bright log fire.

ELIZA COOK.

TREES (continued).

Trees, gracious trees! how rich a gift ye are,
Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
Linked with your forms and kindly whisperings rise!

MRS. HEMANS.

I feel at times a motion of despite
Towards one whose bold contrivances and skill,
As you have seen, bear such conspicuous part
In works of havoc; taking from these vales,
One after one, their proudest ornaments.
Full oft his doings leave me to deplore
Tall ash-tree, sown by winds, by vapours nursed
In the dry crannies of the pendant rocks;
Light birch, aloft upon the horizon's edge
A veil of glory for the ascending moon;
And oak, whose roots by moontide dew were damped,
And on whose forehead inaccessible
The raven lodged in safety.

WORDSWORTH.

TWILIGHT. (See Evening.)

I love thee, twilight! as thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.
I love thee, twilight, for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The twilight star to heaven,
And the summer dew to flowers,
And rest to us, is given
By the cool soft evening hours.

MRS. HEMANS.

VIOLET.

A violet, by a mossy stone
 Half hidden from the eye,
 Fair as a star, when only one
 Is shining in the sky. WORDSWORTH.

She comes, the first, the fairest thing
 That heaven upon the earth doth fling,
 Ere winter's star has set;
 She dwells behind her leafy screen,
 And gives, as angels give, unseen;
 So, love—the violet.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Sweet tiny flower of darkly hue,
 Lone dweller in the pathless shade;
 How much I love thy pensive blue
 Of innocence so well displayed.—JOHN CLARE.

Violets, sweet tenants of the shade,
 In purple's richest pride arrayed,
 Your errand here fulfil;
 Go, bid the artist's simple stain
 Your lustre imitate in vain,
 And match your Maker's skill.

JOHN CLARE:

The colour from the flower is gone,
 Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
 The odour from the flower is flown,
 Which breathed of thee, and only thee.

SHELLEY.

WELCOME.

"Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
 Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
 "Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come;

WELCOME (continued).

"Tis sweet to be awakened by the lark,
Or lulled by falling waters; sweet the hum
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of birds,
The lisp of children, and their earliest words.

BYRON.

Sweet is the hour that brings us home,
Where all will spring to meet us;
Where hands are striving, as we come,
To be the first to greet us. ELIZA COOK.

Welcome as kindly showers to long parched earth.
DRYDEN.

Welcome as happy tidings after fears.—OTWAY.

WIND.—WINDS.

O sweet south wind!
Long hast thou lingered midst those islands fair,
Which lie enchanted on the Indian deep,
Like sea-maids, all asleep,
Charmed by the cloudless sun and azure air!
O sweetest southern wind!
Pause here awhile, and gently now unbind
Thy dark rose-crowned hair.—BARRY CORNWALL.

Awful your power, when by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seaman roused from sleep,
Yawn like death's opening path.

BERNARD BARTON.

WIND (continued).

Oh, many a voice is thine, thou Wind ! full many a
voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou bear'st a
sound and sign ;
A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a mastery
all thine own,
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind ! that gives the
answering tone.

MRS. HEMANS.

WILD FLOWERS. (See Flowers.)

Scorn not those rude unlovely things,
All cultureless that grow,
And rank o'er woods and wilds and springs
Their vain luxuriance throw.
Eternal Love and Wisdom drew
The plan of earth and skies ;
And He the span of heaven that threw
Commands the weeds to rise. J. F. SMITH.

Ye field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,
Yet, wildlings of nature, I doat upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened the sight
Like treasures of silver and gold.

CAMPBELL.

Beautiful objects of the wild bee's love !
The wild bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be ;
All hearts, to nature true, ye strangely move ;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free :
I love ye all. ROBERT NICOLL.

Along the sunny bank or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms spread :
Peaceful and lovely, in their native soil,
They neither know to spin nor care to toil,
Yet, with confessed magnificence, deride
Our vile attire and impotence of pride.—PRIOR.

WILD FLOWERS (continued).

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.—WORDSWORTH.

God loveth all his creatures,
Doth bless them hour by hour;
Then will he not of man take heed,
Who so much beauty hath decreed
Unto the wayside flower?—MARY HOWITT.

WINTER.

When raging storms deform the air,
And clouds of snow descend,
And the wide landscape bright and fair
In deepened shadows blend.
When biting frost rides on the wind,
Bleak from the north and east,
And wealth is at its ease reclined,
Prepared to laugh and feast;
Then let the bounteous hand extend
Its blessings to the poor,
Nor spurn the wretched as they bend
All suppliant at your door.—ANON.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And fury robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.
MARY HOWITT.

Dread winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
THOMSON.

WINTER (continued).

The mill-wheel's frozen in the stream,
 The church is decked with holly,
 Mistletoe hangs from the kitchen beam
 To fright away melancholy;
 Icicles clink in the milkmaid's pail,
 Younkers skate on the pool below,
 Blackbirds perch on the garden rail,
 And hark, how the cold winds blow!

HORACE SMITH.

The wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow,
 Or the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snow;
 While, tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;
 The bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

BURNS.

Dear boy, throw that icicle down,
 And sweep this deep snow from the door;
 Old Winter comes on with a frown,
 A terrible frown for the poor.
 In a season so rude and forlorn,
 How can age, how can infancy bear
 The silent neglect and the scorn
 Of those who have plenty to spare?

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Since now no fragrant blossoms blow,
 And desolation sweeps the ground,
 Come, winter! teach me how to draw
 A moral from the ruins round.—SANDERSON.

WOMAN.

O woman! lovely woman! nature made you
 To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
 Angels are painted fair to look like you.

WOMAN (continued).

There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love. OTWAY.

In infancy, a tender flower,
Cultivate her!
A floating bark, in girlhood's hour,
Softly freight her!
When woman grown, a fruitful vine,
Tend and press her!
A sacred charge, in life's decline,
Shield and bless her!—W. T. MONCRIEFF.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn!
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

WORDSWORTH.

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made,—
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou! SCOTT.

Formed in benevolence of nature,
Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
In courtly town and savage wild.

MRS. BARBAULD.

WOMAN (continued).

Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
So court a mistress, she denies you ;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON.

WORDS.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.—POPE.

Words are but pictures of our thoughts.—DRYDEN.

His words, replete with guile,
Into her heart too easy entrance won.—MILTON.

Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,
To dress my purpose up in gracious words ;
Such as may softly steal upon her soul,
And never waken the tempestuous passions.—ROWE.

You have, by Fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office.—SHAKSPEARE.

A

CONCISE DICTIONARY
OF
PROPER RHYMES.

OBSERVATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS.



DICTIONARY of Rhymes should never be consulted by an author unless he finds himself at an absolute standstill for a rhyme; to habituate himself to writing with it under his eye would give a stiffness to his composition which it is desirable that poetry should not possess. It is in comic and satirical verse, where a greater number of words are available, that it will be found to be the most useful, as a new or unthought of rhyme will frequently suggest a new idea.

All rhymes proceed from the vowels A, E, I, O, U, and may be obtained by running over in the mind the words in which they are the dominant. Thus, to find "PERSUADE," and the words that rhyme with it, take "ADE," and then run through "ade" with the consonant that precedes it, as,

Bade—which suggests "forbade."

Cade.

Dade—which you reject, being no word.

Eade—which you reject.

Fade.

Gade—which you reject.

Hade—which suggests "aid."

Jade.

Kade—which you reject.

Lade—which suggests “blade,” “slayed.”
Made—which suggests “maid.”
Nade—which suggests “neighed.”
Oade—which you reject.
Pade—which suggests “paid.”
Qade—which you reject.
Radè—which suggests “raid,” “trade,” “degrade,”
“betrayed.”
Sade—which suggests “said.”
Tade—which suggests “rodomontade.”
Uade—which you reject.
Vade—which suggests “pervade,” “invade,” &c.
Wade—which suggests “weighed.”

If neither of the rhymes in “ade” suit, in the like way run through “aid,” which will give you the words, as “suggested” above.

In consulting the dictionary for a rhyme, consider, in the like way, the vowel that precedes the last consonant of the word, and, if the word end in two or more consonants, then begin with the vowel that immediately precedes the first of them. For example, LAND : N is the first of the final consonants, A the vowel that precedes it. Turn to AND, and you will find band, grand, stand, &c.

Many words ending in ty, my, ate, ance, ence, ness, &c., which have *not* their accent on the last syllable, are used indiscriminately by our best poets to rhyme with the simple sounds sigh, fate, chance, sense, bless, &c.; this, however, can only be regarded as a sacrifice of sound to sense. The words are given in the following pages, but such deviations from strict rule should be indulged in as sparingly as possible.

For such words as ought not to form terminals, as well as to remarks on the formation of double and treble rhymes, the reader is referred to the chapter on Rhymes at the beginning of the Handbook.

R H Y M E S.

	AB	disgrace displace efface embrace enchase grimace misplace preface retrace interlace	stack tack thwack track wrack arrack attack
			ACT
			act fact
	ABE	attach detach	pact tract
babe			abstract attract
	ACE	(See ATCH.)	compact contract detract
base			distract
brace			enact
case		back	exact
chace		black	extract
dace		brack	protract
face		clack	react
grace		crack	refract
lace		hack	subact
mace		jack	subtract
pace		knack	transact
place		lack	cataract
race		pack	counteract
space		quack	and the participles of the verbs in
trace		rack	ACK.
abase		sack	
apace		slack	
debase		smack	
deface		snack	

AD

add	cascade	safe
bad	cockade	unsafe
bade	comrade	vouchsafe
cad	crusade	
chad	decade	AFF
clad	degrade	chuff
dad	dissuade	druff
fad	evade	gaff
gad	gambade	graff
glad	grenade	laugh
had	invade	quaaff
lad	parade	staff
mad	persuade	distaff
pad	pervade	tipstaff
sad	pomade	cenotaph
	unlade	epitaph
	upbraid	paragraph

ADE

aid	ambassade	AFT
blade	ambuscade	aft
braid	balustrade	craft
cade	barricade	daft
fade	bastinade	draft
glade	cannonade	draught
jade	cavalcade	graft
lade	colonnade	haft
made	enfilade	laughed
maid	escalade	raft
neighed	lemonade	shaft
rajd	marmalade	waft
said	masquerade	abaft
shade	palisade	ingraft
spade	renegade	priestcraft
trade	retrograde	witchcraft
wade	serenade	handicraft
weighed	rodomontade	
afraid	and the participles of the verbs in AY,	and the participles of the verbs in
arcade		AFF and AUGH.
blockade		
brigade		
brocade		

AFE

chafe

AG

bag

	parentage	veil
	patronage	wail
	personage	whale
	pilgrimage	assail
	villanage	avail
	concubinage	bewail
	AID, <i>see ADE.</i>	curtail
	AIGHT, <i>, ATE.</i>	detail
	AIGN, <i>, ANE.</i>	entail
		exhale
		impale
		prevail
		regale
	AIL	retail
	ail	wassail
	ale	countervail
	bail	nightingale
	bale	
	dale	
	fail	
	frail	
AGE	gale	
	hail	
	hale	
	jail	
	mail	
	male	
	nail	
	pail	
	pale	
	quail	
	rail	
ge	sail	
re	sale	
e	scale	
ge	snail	
iage	stale	
gage	tale	
age	trail	
ige	vail	
itage	vale	
		AIN
		ain
		bane
		blain
		brain
		cane
		chain
		crane
		deign
		drain
		fain
		feign
		gain
		grain
		lain
		lane
		main
		mane
		pain
		plain
		plane

		AKE
rain	profane	ache
reign	quatraine	ake
rein	refrain	bake
slain	regain	brake
sprain	remain	break
stain	restrain	cake
strain	retain	drake
swain	sextain	flake
train	sustain	hake
twain	unchain	lake
vain	ungain	make
vein	appertain	quake
wain	castelain	rake
wane	entertain	sake
abstain	porcelain	shake
emain	legerdemain	slake
arraign		snake
attain		spake
bestain	faint	stake
boatswain	feint	take
campaign	paint	wake
champagne	plaint	awake
cockswain	quaint	bespake
complain	saint	betake
constrain	taint	earthquake
contain	teint	forsake
deman	acquaint	mandrake
detain	attaint	mistake
disdain	complaint	namesake
distrain	constraint	partake
domain	distraint	retake
enchain	restraint	sweepstake
engrain		overtake
explain	AIR, see ARE.	undertake
maintain		
mortmain	AISE „ AZE.	
murrain		
obtain	AIT „ ATE.	AL
ordain		
pearmain	AITH „ ATH.	
pertain	AIZE „ AZE.	shall
		cabal
		canal

admiral	There are many words with this termination, but as they are mostly adjectives, and not accented on the final syllable, it is needless to insert them; indeed, the three first words in this list are the only legitimate rhymes in AL.	awl ball bawl call caul crawl fall gall hall pall scrawl small sprawl
general		ALD
hospital	bald	squall
interval	scald	stall
literal	herald	tall
madrigal	piebald	thrall
magical	ribald	wall
musical	emerald	appal
mystical	and the participles of the verbs in ALL.	befall
natural		enthral
original		forestall
pastoral		install
pedestal		miscall
personal	ALE, see AIL.	recall
physical		
principal	ALF	ALM
prodigal	calf	balm
rational	half	calm
several	behalf	palm
temporal	mooncalf	psalm
tragical		qualm
whimsical	ALK	shalm
poetical	balk	becalm
political	calk	embalm
prophetical	chalk	
reciprocal	stalk	Alms rhymes to
rhetorical	talk	the plurals of the
satirical	walk	nouns and 3rd per-
tyrannical	ALL	sons present of the
	all	verbs of this termina-
		tion.

ALT			
alt	dame	ban	
fault	fame	can	
halt	flame	clan	
malt	frame	dan	
salt	game	fan	
shalt	hame	'gan	
smalt	lame	man	
vault	main	pan	
assault	name	ran	
default	same	scan	
exalt	shame	span	
	tame	swan	
ALVE			
calve	acclaim	tan	
carve	became	wan	
salve	declaim	began	
starve	defame	foreran	
halve	disclaim	sedan	
	exclaim	trepan	
	inflame	unman	
AM			
am	misname	artisan	
cram	proclaim	caravan	
dam	reclaim	courtesan	
dram	misbecame	harridan	
ham	overcame	partisan	
AMP			
ram	camp	pelican	
swam	champ	suburban	
beldam	clamp	ANCE	
grandam	cramp	chance	
madam	damp	dance	
mill-dam	lamp	glance	
undam	ramp	lance	
anagram	stamp	prance	
epigram	swamp	trance	
	vamp	advance	
AME			
aim	decamp	askance	
blame	encamp	durance	
came		enhance	
claim	an	entrance	
AN			
		expanse	
		finance	

mischance	command	blank
arrogance	demand	clank
circumstance	disband	crank
complaisance	errand	dank
concordance	expand	drank
consonance	gainstand	flank
countenance	headland	frank
dissonance	inland	hank
ignorance	countermand	lank
ordinance	reprimand	plank
sustenance	understand	prank
temperance		rank
utterance		sank
vigilance	bang	shank
deliverance	clang	shrank
extravagance	fang	stank
intemperance	gang	tank
	hang	thank
ANCH		pang
blanch	rang	twank
branch	sang	disrank
haunch	slang	pickthank
launch	sprang	mountebank
paunch	tang	
ranch	twang	
staunch	harangue	ANSE, <i>see ANCE.</i>
	overhang	
AND		
and		ANT
band	ANGE	ant
bland	change	can't
brand	grange	cant
gland	mange	chant
grand	range	grant
hand	strange	pant
land	arrange	plant
rand	estrangle	rant
sand	exchange	scant
stand	interchange	slant
strand		aslant
wand		decant
		descant
		displant
		enchant
	ANK	
	bank	

gallant	vigilant	wrap
implant	visitant	enwrap
recant	cohabitant	entrap
transplant	communicant	kidnap
adamant	concomitant	madcap
adjutant	exorbitant	mishap
alterant	extravagant	
appellant	exuberant	APE
arrogant	inhabitant	ape
combatant	intolerant	cape
complaisant	itinerant	chape
confidant	participant	crape
consonant	precipitant	drape
conversant	predominant	gape
cormorant	protuberant	grape
covenant	refrigerant	nape
disenchant	reverberant	rape
disputant	significant	scape
dissonant	insignificant	scrape
dominant		shape
elegant		tape
elephant	cap	agape
generant	chap	escape
ignorant	clap	landscape
iterant	crap	
litigant	flap	APH, see AF
mendicant	gap	
militant	hap	APSE
occupant	knap	lapse
operant	lap	collapse
petulant	map	elapse
predicant	nap	perhaps
Protestant	pap	relapse
recant	rap	and the plur.
relevant	sap	the nouns, an
resonant	scrap	person prese
ruminant	slap	the verbs in /
suppliant	snap	
supplicant	strap	
sycophant	tap	APT
termagant	trap	apt
		capt

chapt		<u>ARB</u>	poniard
rapt	barb		regard
adapt	garb		renard
cloudcapt	rhubarb		retard
enrapt			scabbard
unapt	farce	<u>ARCE</u>	sluggard
and the participles of the verbs in AP.	scarce		tabard
			tankard
		and the plural of nouns and 3rd per-	disregard
<u>AR</u>		son present of the	interlard
are			and the participles
bar			of the verbs in AR.
car		<u>ARCH</u>	<u>ARE</u>
czar	arch		air
far	larch		aire
gnar	march		bare
jar	parch		bear
mar	starch		blare
par	countermarch		care
spar			chair
star		<u>ARD</u>	dare
tar	bard		e'er
war	card		fair
afar	guard		fare
catarrh	hard		flare
debar	lard		glare
lazar	marr'd		hair
loadstar	nard		hare
unbar	pard		heir
angular	shard		knare
calendar	yard		lair
popular	bombard		mare
regular	discard		nare
scimitar	drunkard		ne'er
secular	dullard		pair
singular	haggard		pare
titular	mallard		pear
vinegar	niggard		rare
particular	orchard		scare
perpendicular	pollard		share

snare	large	ARN
spare	marge	
square	targe	
stair	discharge	
stare	enlarge	
swear	recharge	ARP
tare	surcharge	
tear	overcharge	
their		
there		ARK
ware	ark	
wear	bark	
where	cark	
aware	chark	
beware	clark	ARSH
coheir	dark	
compare	hark	
declare	lark	ART
elsewhere	mark	
ensnare	park	
forbear	sark	
forswear	shark	
howe'er	spark	
impair	stark	
prepare	embark	
repair	impark	
threadbare	remark	
welfare		ARL
whate'er		
whene'er	gnarl	
where'er	marl	
	snarl	
ARF		
dwarf	arm	ARM
scarf	barm	
wharf	charm	
(See AFF.)	farm	
	harm	
ARGE	alarm	
barge	disarm	
charge		

placart	ASH	hasp
sweetheart	ash	rasp
rampart	cash	wasp
counterpart	clash	
	crash	
ARTH,	dash	AST
<i>see EARTH.</i>	flash	blast
	gash	cast
ARVE, see ALVE.	gnash	fast
	hash	hast
	lash	last
AS and ASS	mash	mast
ass	plash	past
brass	rash	vast
class	sash	aghast
gas	slash	avast
glass	squash	contrast
grass	swash	forecast
has	thrash	outcast
lass	trash	repast
mass	quash	overcast
pass	wash	paraphraſt
was	abash	and the participles of the verbs in ASS.
alas	bedash	
amass	calash	
arras	balderdash	ASTE
atlas		baste
cuirass		chaste
lammas	ASK	haste
morass	ask	paste
repass	bask	taste
surpass	cask	waist
candlemas	flask	waste
christmas	mask	distaste
copperas	task	foretaste
embarrass	damask	unchaste
martinmas	ASP	and the participles of the verbs in ACE.
michaelmas	asp	
	clasp	
ASE, see ACE	gasp	AT
<i>and AZE.</i>	grasp	at

bat	eight	adequate
brat	fate	advocate
cat	freight	aggravate
chat	gate	agitate
fat	grate	alienate
flat	great	antedate
gnat	hate	antique
hat	late	arbitrate
mat	mate	calculate
pat	pate	candidate
plat	plait	captivate
rat	plate	celebrate
spat	prate	celibate
sprat	rate	circulate
that	sate	congregate
vat	skate	consecrate

ATCH

batch	slate	consulate
catch	state	cultivate
cratch	straight	dedicate
hatch	strait	delegate
latch	wait	delicate
match	weight	deprecate
patch	abate	derogate
ratch	alate	desperate
scratch	belate	dislocate
slatch	collate	dissipate
smatch	create	educate
snatch	debate	elevate
swatch	dilate	emulate
thatch	elate	estimate
watch	estate	extricate
despatch	ingrate	fortunate
dispatch	inmate	generate

ATE

ait	relate	imitate
ate	sedate	imprecate
bait	translate	innovate
bate	abdicate	instigate
date	abrogate	intimate
	accurate	intricate

te	confederate	premeditate	
strate	congratulate	prevaricate	
ate	considerate	procrastinate	
rate	contaminate	recriminate	
rate	co-operate	regenerate	
nate	corroborate	reiterate	
nate	debilitate	reverberate	
onate	degenerate	sophisticate	
rate	deliberate	subordinate	
nate	denominate	unfortunate	
gate	depopulate	There are nearly a thousand words with this termination; the most important only are given, as the student can scarcely be in want of a rhyme.	
gate	disconsolate		
ate	discriminate		
bate	effeminate		
nate	elaborate		
ate	equivocate		
late	eradicate		
gate	evaporate		
ate	exaggerate		
erate	exasperate		
nate	expostulate		
te	exterminate	A TH	
cate	facilitate	bath	
e	illiterate	lath	
inate	illuminate	path	
rate	immoderate	rath	
imodate	importunate	wrath	
aulate	inanimate	aftermath	
erate	intemperate	ATHE	
ionate	intimidate	bathe	
ilate	intoxicate	lathe	
pate	invalidate	rathe	
late	inveterate	scathe	
sinate	inviolate	swathe	
itate	legitimate	AUB, see OB.	
ilate	necessitate	AUCE, AUSE.	
late	participate	AUCH, OACH.	
temorate	perpetuate	AUD	
uerate	precipitate	broad	
unicate	predestinate		
assionate	predominate		

fraud	AUGHT,	awe
laud	see OUGHT.	caw
aboard		chaw
abroad	AULT, see ALT.	claw
applaud	AUNCH	craw
defraud	haunch	daw
and the participles of the verbs in AW.	launch	draw
	paunch	flaw
	staunch	gnaw
AVE		haw
brave	AUNSE,	jaw
cave	see ONSE.	law
crave		maw
drave	AUNT	paw
gave	aunt	pshaw
glave	daunt	raw
grave	flaunt	saw
have	gaunt	shaw
knave	haunt	spa
lave	jaunt	straw
nave	taunt	thaw
pave	vaunt	taw
rave	avaunt	bashaw
save		foresaw
shave	AUSE	kickshaw
slave	cause	macaw
stave	claws	outlaw
thrave	clause	withdraw
trave	gauze	
wave	pause	AWD, see AU
behave	applause	
bondslave	because	AWK „ ALI
conclave	and the plurals of	
deprave	the nouns and 3rd	AWL „ ALI
engrave	person present of	
forgave	the verbs in AW.	AWN
misgave		
outbrave	AUST, see OST.	brown
architrave	AW	dawn
AUGH, see AFF.	aw	drawn
		fawn
		gnawn

lawn	say	craze
pawn	slay	days
prawn	spray	daze
spawn	stay	gaze
yawn	sway	glaze
withdrawn	they	maize
AX		
axe	tray	maze
flax	way	phrase
lax	affray	praise
tacks	allay	raise
tax	array	rays
wax	assay	raze
climax	astray	adays
relax	away	always
and the plurals of the nouns and 3rd person plural of the verbs in ACK.	belay	amaze
AY		
bay	betray	dispraise
bray	bewray	emblaze
clay	convey	paraphase
day	decay	and the plurals of
dray	defray	the nouns and 3rd
fay	delay	person present of
flay	dismay	the verbs in AY,
fray	display	EIGH, and EY.
gay	essay	
grey	forelay	
hay	gainsay	
jay	inlay	
lay	inveigh	
may	obey	
neigh	purvey	
pay	relay	
play	repay	
pray	survey	
prey	withsay	
ray	disarray	
	disobey	
	roundelay	
AZE		
	baize	
	blaze	
E		
EE, see EE.		
EACE, see EASE.		
EACH		
	beach	
	beech	
	bleach	
	breach	
	breech	
	each	
	leach	
	leech	
	peach	
	preach	
	reach	
	speech	

teach	squeak	stealth
apeach	steak	wealth
beseach	streak	commonwealth
impeach	weak	
misteach	week	
overreach	wreak	
	bespeak	EAM
<i>EAD</i> , <i>see EDE and EED.</i>	oblique	
		EAL
<i>EAF</i> , <i>see IEF.</i>	deal	beam
	eel	bream
<i>EAGUE</i>	feel	cream
brigue	heal	deem
league	heel	dream
colleague	keel	fleam
fatigue	kneel	gleam
intrigue	meal	phlegm
	peal	ream
<i>EAK</i>	peel	scheme
beak	real	scream
bleak	reel	seam
cheek	leal	seem
creek	steal	steam
creak	steel	stream
eke	squeal	team
freak	teal	teem
gleak	veal	theme
Greek	weal	
leak	wheel	beseem
leek	zeal	blaspheme
meek	anneal	esteem
peak	appeal	extreme
pique	conceal	foredeem
reek	congeal	misdeem
screak	repeal	redeem
seek	reveal	supreme
shriek		disesteem
sleek		
sneak		EAN
speak		
	<i>EALM, see ELM.</i>	bean
		been
		clean
		dean
		glean
		green
	health	keen

lean	perch	release
mean	search	frontispiece
mien	smirch	
queen	research	EASH, <i>see</i> ESH.
screen		EAST
seen		EARL
spleen	churl	beast
wean	curl	east
yean	earl	feast
between	furl	least
careen	girl	lest
convene	hurl	priest
demesne	pearl	yeast
foreseen	purl	and the participles of the verbs in
machine	twirl	EASE.
obscene	whirl	
serene		EAT
terrene		EARN <i>see</i> ERN.
unclean		beat
intervene		bleat
magazine		EARSE „ ERSE.
		cheat
		eat
		feat
		feet
EANS, <i>see</i> ENSE.		fleet
		gleet
EANT „ ENT.	birth	greet
EAP <i>see</i> EEP	dearth	heat
and EP.	earth	meat
	hearth	meet
EAK, <i>see</i> EER.	mirth	mete
		neat
EARD	cease	peat
beard	fleece	pleat
rhymes with the participles of the verbs in EER.	geese	seat
	grease	sheet
	lease	sleet
	niece	street
EARCH	peace	sweet
birch	piece	treat
church	decease	teat
lurch	increase	wheat

complete	conceive	deject
conceit	deceive	detect
concrete	perceive	direct
deceit	receive	dissect
defeat	relieve	effect
discreet	reprieve	eject
escheat	retrieve	elect
estreat	disbelieve	erect
intreat		expect
replete		inject
retreat	bleb	insect
counterfeit	ebb	inspect
obsolete	neb	neglect
	web	object
EATH		
breath	glebe	EBE
death		
EATHE		
breathe	beck	ECK
seethe	check	
sheath	deck	
wreath	fleck	
bequeath	neck	
enwreath	peck	
	reck	
	speck	
EAVE		
cleave	wreck	
eve	rebeck	ECT
grieve	redeck	
heave		
leave	sect	
lieve	abject	
reve	affect	
sleeve	aspect	
thieve	collect	
weave	confect	
achieve	conject	
aggrieve	correct	
believe	deflect	
		and the participles

of the verbs in ECK.	rhymes, and it is not necessary to insert them; for thee a specimen, take three pickled with <i>im-</i> <i>bred.</i>	see she thee three tree we wee agree alee decree degree foresee fusee grantee settee trustee absentee appellee assignee devotee jubilee mortgagee obligee oversee patentee pedigree referee refugee EECE, see EASE. EECH „ EACH.
ED		EDGE
bed	dredge	
bled	edge	
bread	fledge	
bred	hedge	
dead	ledge	
dread	pledge	
fed	sedge	
fled	sledge	
head	wedge	
lead	allege	
led	knowledge	
read	privilege	
red	sacrilege	
said	sortilege	
shed	EE	
shred	be	
slead	bee	
sled	fee	
sped	flea	
spread	flee	
stead	free	
thread	glee	
tread	he	
wed	key	
abed	maidenhead	EED
ahead	knee	
behind	overspread	
imbred	lee	
instead	Walker gives a large number of me words as rhymes peaking in "ed," please but they are not quay	
		bead bleed breed creed deed feed freed

greed	heap	smear
heed	keep	spear
knead	leap	sphere
lead	neap	shear
mead	peep	steer
meed	reap	tear
need	sheep	tier
plead	sleep	tweer
read	steep	veer
reed	sweep	year
seed	weep	
speed	asleep	adhere
steed	insteep	appear
weed		arrear
EER		
agreed	beer	austere
concede	bier	besmear
exceed	blear	career
impede	cheer	cashier
implead	clear	cohere
indeed	dear	compeer
misdeed	deer	endear
mislead	drear	revere
precede	ear	severe
proceed	fear	sincere
succeed	gear	uprear
supersede	hear	veneer
EEF, <i>see</i> IFE.	here	auctioneer
EEK „ EAK.	jeer	bombardier
EEL „ EAL.	lear	cavalier
EEM „ EAM.	leer	chandelier
EEN „ EAN.	meer	chanticleer
EEP		
cheap	mere	charioteer
creep	near	chevalier
deep	peer	disappear
	pier	domineer
	queer	engineer
	rear	garreter
	sear	gazeteer
	seer	grenadier
	slear	halberdier
		hemisphere

interfere	wheeze	EIR	<i>see ARR.</i>
mountaineer	apease	EIT	, ATE.
muleteer	disease	EIVE	, EAVE.
musketeer	displease	EIZE	, EEZE.
mutineer	and the plurals of the nouns and 3rd person present of the verbs in EE.	ELL	
overseer		bell	
pamphleteer		cell	
persevere		dell	
pioneer		dwell	
privateer		ell	
scrutineer	deaf	fell	
volunteer		hell	
EESE, <i>see</i> EEZE.		knell	
EET , EAT	EFT	quell	
EETH	cleft	sell	
heath	deft	shell	
sheath	heft	smell	
smeeth	left	spell	
teeth	reft	swell	
wreath	theft	tell	
beneath	weft	well	
underneath	bereft	yell	
EEVE, <i>see</i> EAVE.	EG	befell	
EEZE	egg	compel	
breeze	beg	dispel	
ease	dreg	excel	
freeze	keg	expel	
frieze	leg	foretell	
grease	peg	impel	
lease	EIGH, <i>see</i> A.Y.	rebel	
lease	EIGHT , AIT and ATE.	repel	
pease		resell	
please	EIGN , AIN.	citadel	
seize	EIL , AIL.	infidel	
sneeze	EIN , AIN.	parallel	
squeeze	EINT , AINT.	sentinel	
teaze		ELD	
these	eld		

geld	pelt	den
held	smelt	fen
weld	swelt	glen
beheld	welt	hen
upheld		ken
withheld	ELVE	men
and the participles of the verbs in EL.	delve	pen
	helve	ten
	twelve	then
ELF	ELVES	wen
elf	elves	when
delf	themselves	wren
pelf	and the plurals of	again
self	the nouns in ELF,	denizen
shelf	and 3rd person pre-	ENCE
herself	sent of the verbs in	dense
himself	ELVE.	fence
ELK	EM	hence
elk	gem	sense
whelk	hem	thence
ELM	stem	whence
elm	them	commence
helm	diadem	condense
realm	stratagem	defence
whelm	EME, <i>see EAM.</i>	dispense
overwhelm		expense
ELP	EMN	immense
help	condemn	incense
whelp	contemn	intense
yelp		offence
ELT	EMPT	prepense
belt	tempt	pretence
Celt	attempt	propense
dealt	contempt	suspense
felt	exempt	conference
knelt		confidence
melt		consequence
	EN	continence
	Ben	difference
		diffidence

diligence	drench	misspend
eloquence	French	obtend
eminence	quench	offend
evidence	stench	portend
excellence	tench	pretend
frankincense	trench	suspend
impotence	wench	transcend
impudence	wrench	unbend
indigence	intrench	apprehend
indolence	retrench	comprehend
inference		descend
innocence		discommend
negligence	bend	dividend
penitence	blend	recommend
preference	end	reprehend
providence	fend	reverend
recompense	friend	and the participles of the verbs in EN.
reference	lend	
residence	mend	
reverence	rend	
vehemence	send	
violence	spend	
benevolence	tend	ENE, <i>see</i> EAN.
circumference	trend	
concupiscence	vend	ENGE
impenitence	wend	avenge
impertinence	amend	revenge
improvudence	ascend	
incontinence	attend	ENGTH
indifference	befriend	length
intelligence	commend	strength
magnificence	compend	
omnipotence	contend	ENSE, <i>see</i> ENCE.
and the plurals of the nouns and 3rd person present of the verbs in EN.	depend	ENT
	descend	bent
	distend	blent
	expend	cent
	extend	dent
ENCH	foresend	gent
bench	impend	Kent
clench	intend	lent
		meant
		pent

rent	aliment	nourishment
scent	argument	nutriment
sent	banishment	occident
spent	battlement	opulent
sprent	blandishment	parliament
tent	circumvent	penitent
vent	chastisement	permanent
went	competent	pertinent
absent	compliment	president
accent	confident	prevalent
anent	continent	provident
ascent	corpulent	punishment
assent	detriment	ravishment
attent	different	redolent
cement	diffident	regiment
consent	diligent	represent
content	discontent	resident
descent	document	rudiment
dissent	eloquent	sacrament
event	eminent	sediment
extent	evident	sentiment
ferment	excellent	subsequent
foment	excrement	supplement
frequent	exigent	tenement
indent	firmament	testament
intent	fraudulent	turbulent
invent	government	underwent
lament	imminent	vehement
misspent	implement	violent
ostent	impotent	virulent
outwent	impudent	accomplishment
o'erspent	incident	acknowledgment
present	indigent	admonishment
prevent	innocent	arbitrament
relent	insolent	armipotent
repent	instrument	astonishment
resent	languishment	bellipotent
unbent	ligament	benevolent
abstinent	malcontent	disparagement
accident	management	embellishment
	monument	equivalent

establishment	slur	presbyter
experiment	spur	provender
impenitent	stir	register
impertinent	aver	sepulchre
imprisonment	bestir	slanderer
improvident	concur	sophister
incompetent	confer	sorcerer
incontinent	defer	theatre
indifferent	demur	thunderer
intelligent	deter	traveller
lineament	incur	usurer
magnificent	infer	villager
omnipotent	inter	voyager
temperament	prefer	waggoner
EP		
nep	refer	administer
skep	transfer	astrologer
step	arbiter	astronomer
footstep	canister	idolater
instep	character	interpreter
parsnep	chorister	philosopher
EPT		
wept	cottager	amphitheatre
accept	dowager	ERB, <i>see</i> URB.
except	flatterer	
intercept	forager	ERCH „ EARCH.
and the participles of the verbs in EP	foreigner	ERCE „ ERSE.
and some of the verbs in EEP.	gardener	
	grasshopper	
	harbinger	
ER		
blur	islander	ERD
bur	lavender	bird
cur	lawgiver	curd
err	loiterer	gird
fir	mariner	herd
fur	massacre	swerd
her	messenger	third
sir	minister	word
	murderer	absurd
	officer	begird
	passenger	engird
	pillager	goatherd
		jailbird

neatherd	excern	EERT
shepherd	inurn	birt
swineherd	nocturn	blurt
	return	curt
ERE, <i>see</i> EER.	sojourn	dirt
	overtur	firt
ERGE		girt
dirge	ERM, <i>see</i> IRM.	hurt
gurge		pert
purge	ERSE	shirt
scourge	burse	skirt
serge	curse	spurt
sperge	hearse	squirt
surge	nurse	vert
urge	terse	wart
verge	verse	wert
virge	worse	advert
absterge	absterse	alert
converge	accurse	assert
deterge	adverse	astert
diverge	amerce	avert
emerge	asperse	concert
immerge	averse	convert
	coerce	desert
ERN	commerce	dessert
burn	converse	divert
churn	disburse	expert
dern	disperse	insert
earn	diverse	invert
fern	imburse	obvert
hern (heron)	immerse	overt
kern	obverse	revert
learn	perverse	subvert
spurn	precurse	pervert
stern	rehearse	ungirt
turn	reverse	uhurt
urn	subverse	contravert
yearn	transverse	intervert
adjourn	traverse	
concern	universe	ERVE
discern	intersperse	curve

nerve	profess	hollowness
serve	redress	idleness
swerve	repress	lawfulness
asserve	success	laziness
conserve	transgress	littleness
deserve	unless	liveliness
disserve	acquiesce	loftiness
observe	adulteress	loveliness
preserve	bashfulness	lowliness
reserve	bitterness	manliness
subserve	cheerfulness	masterless
ESS		
Bess	comeliness	mightiness
bless	comfortless	motherless
cess	diocess	motionless
chess	dispossess	nakedness
cress	dizziness	neediness
dress	drowsiness	ne'ertheless
guess	drunkenness	noisomeness
jess	eagerness	numberless
less	easiness	patroness
mess	emptiness	peevishness
ness	evenness	pitiless
press	fatherless	poetess
sess	filthiness	prophetess
stress	foolishness	ransomless
yes	forwardness	readiness
abcess	frowardness	righteousness
access	fruitfulness	shepherdess
address	fulsomeness	sorceress
aggress	gentleness	sordidness
assess	giddiness	spiritless
caress	godliness	sprightliness
compress	goodliness	steadiness
confess	governess	sturdiness
depress	greediness	surliness
digress	happiness	tenderness
distress	haughtiness	thoughtfulness
excess	heaviness	ugliness
express	heinousness	usefulness
	hoariness	votaress
	holiness	wakefulness

wantonness	lest	bet
weaponless	nest	debt
weariness	pest	fret
wickedness	quest	get
wilderness	rest	jet
willingness	test	let
wretchedness	vest	met
embassador	west	net
forgetfulness	zest	pet
unreadiness	abreast	set
unhappiness	acquest	spet
lasciviousness	arrest	sweat
perfidiousness	attest	threat
ESE, <i>see</i> EEZE.	behest	wet
ESH	bequest	whet
flesh	congest	yet
fresh	confest	abet
mesh	contest	arret
nesh	detest	beget
plesh	digest	beset
thresh	divest	cadet
afresh	imprest	coquet
refresh	incest	forget
ESK	infest	piquet
desk	inquest	regret
burlesque	invest	alphabet
grotesque	molest	amulet
picturesque	obtest	anchoret
EST	protest	cabinet
best	request	coronet
breast	revest	epithet
chest	suggest	parapet
crest	unrest	rivulet
drest	interest	violet
gest	manifest	
guest	and the participles of the verbs in	ETCH
hest	ESS.	fetch
jest	ET	sketch
	ate	stretch
		wretch
		ETE, <i>see</i> EAT.

EVE, <i>see</i> EAVE.	spew strew	interview residue
EUM „ UME.	sue threw through	EX
EW	too	sex vex
blew	true	annex
blue	view	complex
brew	yew	convex
chew	you	perplex
clew	who	circumflex
clue	woo	and the plurals of the nouns and 3rd person present of the verbs in EX.
coo	accrue	EXT
crew	adieu	next
cue	ado	pretext
do	alloo	and the participles of the verbs in EX.
drew	anew	EY, <i>see</i> AY.
due	askew	IB
ew	bamboo	bib
ewe	bedew	crib
few	beshrew	drib
flew	curfew	fib
glue	curlew	gib
grew	emmew	glib
hew	enchew	nib
hue	endue	quib
Jew	ensue	rib
Kew	eschew	squib
knew	halloo	IBE
loo	imbrue	bribe
mew	imbue	gibe
new	indue	kibe
pew	perdue	scribe
screw	purlieu	tribe
scrue	pursue	
sew	renew	
shew	review	
shoe	subdue	
shoo	tattoo	
shrew	undo	
so	withdrew	

ascribe	paradise	interdict
describe	precipice	and the participle
imbibe	prejudice	of the verbs i
inscribe	sacrifice	ICK.
prescribe		
proscribe	ICH, <i>see</i> ITCH.	ID
rescribe		
subscribe	ICK	bid
transcribe	brick	chid
circumscribe	chick	hid
interscribe	click	kid
superscribe	crick	lid
	kick	'mid
ICE	lick	quid
bice	nick	rid
dice	pick	forbid
ice	prick	pyramid
grice	quick	IDE
lice	sick	bide
mice	slick	bride
nice	stick	chide
price	thick	died
rice	tick	dyed
slice	trick	glide
spice	wick	guide
thrice	asthmatic	hide
trice	catholic	nide
twice	choleric	pied
vice	heretic	pride
advice	politic	ride
concise	rhetoric	side
device	schismatic	slide
entice	arithmetic	stride
suffice		tide
artifice	ICT	wide
avarice	strict	abide
benefice	addict	aside
cicatrice	afflict	astride
cockatrice	convict	beside
edifice	inflict	bestride
orifice	contradict	betide

confide	bye	outfly
decide	cry	outvie
deride	die	rely
divide	dry	reply
inside	dye	supply
misguide	eye	untie
preside	fie	agony
provide	fly	amplify
subside	fry	anarchy
coincide	hie	apathy
fratricide	high	armoury
homicide	lie	artery
matricide	lye	augury
parricide	my	battery
regicide	nigh	beautify
suicide	pie	beggary
infanticide	ply	bigamy
	pry	blasphemy
IDES		bravery
ides	rye	brevity
besides	shie	bribery
which rhyme to the plurals of the nouns and 3rd person pre- sent of the verbs in IDE.	sigh	calumny
	sky	canopy
	sly	cavalry
	spy	certainty
	sty	certify
	thigh	charity
IDGE		chastity
bridge	tie	chemistry
midge	try	chivalry
ridge	vie	clemency
abridge	why	colony
	ally	comedy
	awry	company
IDST		constancy
didst	belie	contrary
midst	comply	courtesy
amidst	decry	crucify
	defy	cruelty
IE or Y		custody
buy	descry	decency
by	espy	
	imply	

deify	industry	piety
deity	infamy	pillory
destiny	infancy	piracy
diary	infantry	pleurisy
dignify	injury	policy
dignity	jollity	poesy
drapery	justify	poetry
drollery	knavery	poverty
drudgery	laity	privacy
ecstasy	legacy	privity
edify	lenity	probity
elegy	leprosy	prodigy
embassy	lethargy	progeny
enemy	liberty	property
energy	library	prophecy
enmity	livery	purify
equity	lottery	putrify
factory	loyalty	qualify
faculty	lunacy	quality
fallacy	luxury	quantity
falsify	magnify	raillery
falsity	majesty	rarity
family	malady	ratify
fealty	melody	rectify
finery	memory	regency
flattery	misery	remedy
fortify	modesty	ribaldry
gaiety	modify	robbery
galaxy	mollify	rosemary
gallantry	monarchy	salary
gallery	mortify	sanctify
glorify	mutiny	sanctity
gluttony	nicety	satisfy
granary	novelty	scarcity
gratify	nursery	scarify
gravity	pacify	scrutiny
harmony	perfidy	secrecy
heresy	perjury	signify
history	penalty	simony
honesty	penury	slavery
husbandry	petrify	sorcery

specify	antipathy	fatality
stupefy	antiquity	felicity
subsidy	anxiety	fertility
symmetry	apology	fidelity
sympathy	apostasy	formality
symphony	artillery	frugality
tapestry	astronomy	futurity
terrify	austerity	geography
testify	authority	geometry
tragedy	avidity	gratuity
treachery	calamity	hostility
treasury	capacity	humanity
trinity	captivity	humidity
trumpery	casualty	humility
tyranny	civility	hypocrisy
unity	community	idolatry
urgency	concavity	imagery
usury	confederacy	immensity
vacancy	conformity	immodesty
vanity	congruity	immunity
verify	conspiracy	impiety
versify	cosmography	improbity
victory	credulity	impunity
vilify	curiosity	impurity
villany	declivity	inanity
vitrify	deformity	incendiary
vivify	delivery	inclemency
votary	democracy	inconstancy
ability	dexterity	indemnity
absurdity	discovery	indemnity
academy	dishonesty	infinity
acclivity	disloyalty	infirmary
accompany	disparity	infirmity
activity	diversity	iniquity
adultery	divinity	integrity
adversity	emergency	majority
affinity	enormity	malignity
agility	equality	maturity
alacrity	eternity	minority
allegory	extremity	morality
anatomy	facility	mortality

mystery	ambiguity	impossibility
nativity	animosity	inflexibility
necessity	assiduity	uniformity
neutrality	auxiliary	
nobility	consanguinity	IECE, <i>see</i> EASE.
obscurity	equanimity	
perplexity	etymology	IEF
perversity	genealogy	
philosophy	generosity	
polygamy	immaturity	
posterity	immorality	
priority	importunity	
propensity	inability	
prosperity	inactivity	
rapidity	incapacity	
recovery	incivility	
sagacity	incongruity	
sanctuary	incredulity	
satiety	inequality	
security	infidelity	IEGE
severity	instability	
simplicity	invalidity	
sincerity	liberality	
sobriety	magnanimity	
society	mediocrity	
solemnity	mutability	IELD
solidity	opportunity	
soliloquy	partiality	
sovereignty	perpetuity	
sterility	perspicuity	
stupidity	probability	
supremacy	prodigality	
temerity	sensibility	
timidity	sensuality	
tranquillity	unanimity	
vacuity	university	IEN, <i>see</i> EEN.
validity	visibility	
variety	familiarity	IEND, " END.
virginity	immutability	
vivacity	impartiality	IERCE
affability	impetuosity	
	fierce	

pierce	jig	gill
tierce	lig	grill
IEST	pig	hill
see EAST.	prig	ill
IEVE	rig	kill
„ EAVE.	sprig	mill
	swig	nil
IFE	twig	pill
fife	Whig	quill
knife	wig	rill
life		shrill
rife		sill
strife	oblige	skill
wife	disoblige	skrill
		spill
IFF	IGH, <i>see IE.</i>	still
cliff		swill
if	IGHT, <i>„ ITE.</i>	thill
skiff		thrill
sniff	ING, <i>„ INE.</i>	till
stiff		trill
tiff	IGUE, <i>„ EAGUE.</i>	will
whiff		distil
		fulfil
IFT	IKE	instil
clift	dike	codicil
drift	like	daffodil
gift	Mike	utensil
lift	pike	The participles of
rift	spike	some of the verbs
shift	strike	in this termination
sift	alike	will rhyme.
thrift	dislike	
adrift		ILD
	ILL	child
IG	bill	mild
big	brill	smiled
dig	chill	styled
fig	dill	wild
gig	drill	
grig	fill	beguiled
	frill	reviled

and the other par-	milk	mime
ticiples of the verbs	silk	prime
in ILE.		rhyme
		rime
ILE	built	slime
aisle	gilt	thyme
bile	guilt	time
chyle	hilt	begrime
file	jilt	mistime
guile	lilt	pastime
isle	quilt	sublime
mile	spilt	maritime
Nile	stilt	pantomime
pile	tilt	
rile		
smile		IMP
stile	filth	imp
style	tilth	gimp
tile		limp
vile		pimp
while		IM
wile	brim	
awhile	dim	IMPSE
compile	grim	glimpse
defile	him	rhymes to the plu-
e'erwhile	hymn	rals of the noun
exile	limb	and 3rd person pre-
profile	limn	sent of the verbs in
revile	rim	IMP.
senile	skim	
somewhile	slim	IN
camomile	swim	bin
crocodile	trim	chin
domicile		din
imbecile		fin
inhabile	chime	gin
juvenile	climb	glyn
reconcile	clime	grin
volatile	crime	in
	dime	inn
ILK	grime	kin
bilk	lime	lin
		pin

shin	instinct	spine
sin	precinct	swine
skin	succinct	thine
spin	and the participles	tine
thin	of some of the	trine
tin	verbs in INK.	twine
twin		vine
win		whine
begin	IND	wine
chagrin	bind	assign
heroine	blind	calcine
unpin	find	canine
within	hind	combine
assassin	kind	confine
bombasin	grind	consign
capuchin	mind	decline
javelin	rind	define
mandarin	wind	design
metheglin	behind	divine
origin	remind	entwine
violin	unkind	fascine
	unwind	incline
INCE	and the participles	inshrine
mince	of the verbs in	opine
prince	INE.	outshine
quince	INE	recline
rinse	bine	repine
since	brine	resign
wince	chine	saline
convince	dine	supine
evince	fine	untwine
INCH	kine	
clinch	line	adventine
flinch	mine	alkaline
inch	nine	aquiline
pinch	pine	concubine
winch	Rhine	coralline
	shine	crystalline
INCT	shrine	countermine
distinct	sign	discipline
extinct	sine	disencline

feminine	infringe	drip
interline	unhinge	flip
intertwine		grip
libertine		hip
masculine	INK	lip
metalline	blink	nip
palatine	brink	pip
porcupine	chink	rip
quarantine	clink	scrip
serpentine	drink	ship
superfine	ink	sip
turpentine	link	skip
underline	pink	slip
undermine	prink	snip
undersign	shrink	strip
valentine	sink	tip
elephantine	slink	trip
	stink	whip
ING	swink	
bring	think	atrip
cling	tink	equip
fling	wink	unship
king	bethink	eldership
ling	forethink	fellowship
ring	hoodwink	partnership
sing		rivalship
sling		scholarship
sting	INT	workmanship
string	dint	and many o
swing	flint	words ending
thing	hint	"ship."
wing	lint	
wring	mint	IPE
	print	
INGE	squint	gripe
cringe	tint	pipe
fringe	asquint	ripe
hinge	imprint	snipe
singe		stripe
springe		tripe
swinge	IP	type
twinge	chip	wipe
	clip	bagpipe
	dip	

hornpipe	attire	whiz
unripe	conspire	abyss
windpipe	desire	amiss
archetype	entire	dismiss
prototype	esquire	remiss
	expire	submiss
IPSE	higher	
eclipse	inspire	ISE, <i>see ICE and IZE.</i>
rhymes to the plurals of the nouns and 3rd person of the verbs in IP.	nigher retire satire transpire	ISH
IR, <i>see UR.</i>	IRGE, <i>see ERGE.</i>	
IRCH,, URCH.	IRL „ EARL.	
IRD „ ERD.	IRM	ISK
IRE	firm	brisk
brier	sperm	disk
choir	term	frisk
dire	worm	risk
fire	afirm	whisk
friar	confirm	basilisk
gire	glowworm	tamarisk
hire	infirm	
ire	IRST, <i>see URST.</i>	ISP
lyre	IRT „ ERT.	
mire		
quire	IRTH „ EARTH.	IST
shire		
sire	IS and ISS	
spire	bliss	fist
squire	his	hist
tire	hiss	list
wire	is	mist
acquire	kiss	trist
admire	miss	twist
aspire	this	whist
		wist
		wrist

assist	nit	twitch
consist	pit	which
desist	quit	witch
exist	sit	bewitch
insist	slit	
persist	smitt	ITE
resist	spit	bight
subsist	split	bite
alchymist	sprit	blight
amethyst	tit	blite
anatomist	twit	bright
antagonist	whit	cite
coexist	wit	fight
dramatist	writ	flight
eucharist	acquit	fright
evangelist	admit	height
exorcist	commit	hight
herbalist	emit	kite
humorist	omit	knight
journalist	outwit	light
oculist	permit	might
organist	refit	mite
satirist	remit	night
and many other nouns of a similar character ending in "ist."	submit transmit benefit intermit perquisite	plight quite right rite sight site
IT	ITCH	
bit	bitch	slight
brit	ditch	spight
chit	fitch	spite
cit	hitch	smite
fit	itch	sprite
flit	niche	tight
frit	nitch	trite
grit	pitch	white
hit	rich	wight
kit	stitch	wright
knit	switch	write
lit		affright

alight	satellite	furtive
aright	underwrite	outlive
bedight	unpolite	deceptive
bemight	theodolite	donative
contrite		laxative
delight		linitive
despite	frith	lucrative
excite	pith	narrative
foresight	smith	negative
ncite	with	perspective
indict	forthwith	positive
insight		primitive
invite	blithe	purgative
polite	hithe	sensitive
recite	lithe	vegetive
requite	scythe	affirmative
unite	tithe	alternative
unsight	writhe	contemplative
upright		demonstrative
aconite		diminutive
apetite	dive	distributive
apposite	drive	inquisitive
bedlamite	gyve	preparative
Carmelite	hive	prerogative
chrysolute	rive	provocative
cosmopolite	strive	restorative
disunite	swive	
expedite	thrive	IX
exquisite	wive	fix
favourite	alive	fix
hypocrite	arrive	mix
infinite	connive	six
impolite	deprive	affix
opposite	revive	infix
oversight	survive	prefix
parasite		transfix
perquisite		crucifix
proselyte	give	intermix
recondite	live	
requisite	sieve	and the plurals of
reunite	forgive	the nouns and 3rd

person present of the verbs in ICK.	moralize partialize realize scandalize signalize solemnize syllogize sympathize tyrannize tantalize vocalize apologize apostrophize immortalize naturalize philosophize advise assize baptize chastise comprise despise devise disguise excise premise revise surmise surprise aggrandize authorize canonize civilize criticise enterprise exercise formalize gormandize harmonize idolize legalize	OAL <i>see</i> OLE. OAM „ OME. OAN „ ONE. OAP „ OPE. OAR „ ORE. OARD „ OED. OAST „ OST. OAT „ OTE. OATH „ OTH. OB bob cob fob job knob lob mob nob rob sob throb OACH broach coach poach roach alroach approach encroach reproach OAD, <i>see</i> ODE. OAF „ OFF. OAK „ OKE.	OBE globe lobe probe robe conglobe disrobe enrobe OCE, <i>see</i> OSE.
--	---	--	--

OCK	load	log
block	mode	mog
clock	ode	agog
cock	road	prologue
crock	rode	catalogue
dock	strode	dialogue
flock	toad	epilogue
frock	abode	pedagogue
knock	corrode	synagogue
lock	explode	
mock	forebode	ODGE
rock	episode	dodge
shock	incommode	lodge
slock		
smock	OE, see OW.	OGUE
sock		
stock	OFF	rogue
	cough	vogue
OCT	off	collogue
concoct	scoff	disembogue
rhyomes with the participles of the verbs in OCK.	trough	prorogue
	OFT	OICE
OD	croft	choice
clod	loft	voice
God	oft	rejoice
hod	soft	
nod	toft	OID
odd	aloft	void
plod	and the participles of the verbs in	and the participles of the verbs in OY.
pod	OFF.	
quad	OG	OIL
rod	bog	boil
shod	clog	broil
sod	cog	coil
tod	dog	foil
trod	fog	moil
	grog	oil
ODE	hog	soil
bode	jog	spoil
goad		toil

accoil	OIST	hold
bemoil	foist	mold
cinqefoil	hoist	mould
despoil	joist	old
embroil	moist	scold
recoil	rejoic'd	sold
trefoil		told
turmoil	OIT	wold
disembroil	coit	behold
OIN		enfold
coin	OKE	foretold
groin	broke	unfold
join	choak	untold
loin	choke	uphold
adjoin	cloak	withhold
conjoin	coke	manifold
disjoin	croak	marigold
enjoin	joke	and the partici-
purloin	oak	ples of the verbs in
rejoin	poke	OLE.
subjoin	smoke	
OINT		OLE
joint	soak	bole
oint	spoke	bowl
point	stoke	coal
anoint	stroke	cole
appoint	woke	dole
disjoint	yoke	droll
disappoint	awoke	foal
counterpoint	bespoke	goal
OISE		hole
noise	invoke	jole
poise	provoke	mole
counterpoise	revoke	pole
OLD		role
bold	unyoke	roll
counterpose		scroll
and the plurals of the nouns and the 3rd person of the verbs in OY.	doled	shoal
	cold	sole
	foaled	soul
	fold	stole
	gold	

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toll	loam	own
troll	roam	prone
troul	tome	shone
whole		shown
	ON	
cajole	con	sown
condole	don	stone
control	swan	strown
enrol	ton	throne
patrol	anon	thrown
	OLN	
stoll'n	upon	tone
swoll'n	amazon	zone
	OLT	
bolt	cinnamon	alone
colt	garrison	attone
dolt	skeleton	disown
	OND	
holt	comparison	disthrone
jolt	bond	enthrone
molt	conn'd	o'erthrown
moult	fond	
revolt	pond	
thunderbolt	beyond	
	despond	
	OLVE	
solve	correspond	
absolve	diamond	
convolve	vagabond	
devolve		ONE
dissolve	blown	
exolve	bone	
involve	cone	
revolve	crone	
	drone	
OM, see UM.	flown	
	groan	ONCE <i>see</i> UNCE.
	grown	ONGUE „ UNG.
	hone	ONK „ UNK.
OME	known	
comb	loan	ONCE
dome	lone	
foam	moan	
home		ensconce

ONT	brook	room
font	cook	spoon
front	crook	tomb
want	hook	whom
<i>OO, see EW.</i>		womb
		entomb
OOD	rook	
brood	shook	
could	took	OON
food	betook	boon
good	forsook	June
hood	mistook	loon
mood	overlook	moon
rood	undertook	noon
should		prune
stood	cool	soon
wood	fool	spoon
would	mule	swoon
withstood	pool	tune
brotherhood	pull	attune
likeness	rule	buffoon
livelihood	school	jejune
neighbourhood	stool	lampoon
understood	tool	poltroon
widowhood	wool	untune
and the participles of the verbs in OO.		importune
OOF	befool	OOP
hoof	misrule	coop
proof	ridicule	droop
roof	overrule	dupe
woof	vestibule	hoop
aloof		loop
behoof	bloom	poop
disproof	boom	scoop
disroof	broom	sloop
		soup
		stoop
		swoop
		troop
		whoop
OOK	gloom	
book	groom	
	loom	

OOR		
boor	pollute	mop
moor	pursuit	pop
poor	recruit	prop
tour	refute	shop
your	repute	sop
amour	salute	stop
paramour	suppote	swop
OOSE, <i>see</i> USE.	absolute	top
	constitute	wop
	dissolute	unstop
OOT		OPE
boot	institute	cope
bruit	prosecute	groe
brute	prostitute	hope
coot	resolute	mope
foot	irresolute	pope
OOTH		
flute	booth	rope
fruit	smooth	scope
hoot	sooth	slope
loot		soap
lute		tope
OOZE		
moot	choose	trope
mute	lose	aslope
root	mews	elope
route	news	antelope
shoot	noose	interlope
soot	ooze	horoscope
suit	use	telescope
acute	whose	heliotrope
commute	abuse	
compute	amuse	
OPT		
confute		adopt
cornuta		rhymeres with the
depute	chop	participle of the
dilute	crop	verbs in OP.
dispute	dop	
hirsute	drop	
impute	fop	
minute	hop	
permute	lop	
OP		OR
		abhor
		ancestor
		confessor

conqueror	ford	swore
counsellor	gourd	tore
creditor	hoard	whore
emperor	lord	wore
governor	sword	adore
metaphor	ward	afore
orator	abhor'd	ashore
senator	aboard	before
successor	accord	deplore
ambassador	afford	explore
competitor	award	forlore
conspirator	record	forswore
progenitor	reward	implore
and the participle a of the verbs in ORE		
ORCH		
porch	boar	evermore
scorch	bore	heretofore
torch	core	hellebore
ORCE		
coarse	door	nevermore
corse	floor	sycamore
course	fore	
force	four	
hoarse	goar	
horse	gore	
source	hoar	
discourse	lore	ORGE
divorce	more	forge
endorse	oar	George
enforce	ore	gorge
perforce	o'er	disgorge
recourse	pore	regorge
remorse	pour	
resource	roar	ORK
unhorse	score	cork
intercourse	shore	fork
ORD		
board	snore	pork
cord	soar	stork
	sore	work
	store	
ORLD		
		world
		rhymes with the participles of the verbs in URL.
ORM		
		form

storm	mort	toss	
swarm	short	across	
warm	snort	emboss	
conform	sort		
deform	sport	OST	
inform	consort	cost	
perform	disport	frost	
reform	distort	lost	
transform	exhort	tost	
multiform	export	accost	
uniform	extort	emboss'd	
ORN		exhaust	
born	report		
corn	resort	OST (OAST)	
dawn	retort	boast	
horn	support	coast	
lawn	transport	ghost	
scorn	ORTH		
shorn	forth	host	
sworn	fourth	most	
thorn	north	post	
torn	worth	roast	
warn		toast	
worn	OSE		
adorn	close	blot	
forborne	dose	clot	
forlorn	gross	cot	
forsworn	engross	dot	
suborn	jocose	got	
capricorn	morose	grot	
overborne	(See OZE.)	hot	
unicorn		jot	
ORST, see URST.		OT	
ORT		lot	
court	boss	not	
fort	cross	plot	
port	dross	pot	
quart	foss	rot	
	loss	Scot	
	moss	shot	
OSS			

slot	afloat	overcloud
sot	denote	and the participles
spot	devote	of some of the
squat	promote	verbs in OW.
what	remote	
yacht	anecdote	OVE
allot	antidote	
begot		
besot		
complot	broth	clove
forgot	cloth	drove
counterplot	froth	grove
	moth	rove
OTCH	troth	stove
botch	wroth	throve
crotch	betroth	wove
notch		alcove
watch		devoe
		inwove
		interwove
OTE	OTH (OATH)	
bloat	both	OVE (as UV)
boat	clothe	dove
coat	growth	glove
cote	loth	love
doat	oath	shove
float	sloth	above
gloat		
goat	OUCH	OVE (as UVE)
groat	couch	move
lote	crouch	prove
moat	pouch	approve
mote	slouch	disprove
note	vouch	improve
oat	avouch	remove
quote		reprove
rote	OUD	
smote	cloud	OUGHT
stoat	crowd	bought
throat	loud	brought
vote	proud	caught
wrote	shroud	drought
	aloud	fought

fraught	resound	rhymes to the plural of the nouns
nought	surround	and 3rd person present of verbs
ought	and the participles of the verbs in OWN.	in OUR and yours
sought		
taught		
thought		
wrought	OUNG, <i>see</i> UNG.	with same in OOR.
besought		
bethought		
forethought	OUNT	OUSE
methought	count	chouse
	fount	house
	mount	louse
OUNCE	account	mouse
bounce	discount	souse
flounce	dismount	OUT
ounce	miscount	bout
pounce	remount	clout
denounce	surmount	doubt
pronounce	OUP, <i>see</i> OOP.	drought
renounce		flout
		gout
OUND	OUR	grout
bound	bower	lout
found	cower	pout
ground	dower	rout
hound	flour	scout
mound	flower	shout
pound	hour	snout
round	lower	spout
sound	our	sprout
wound	power	stout
abound	shower	trout
aground	sour	about
around	tower	devout
compound	devour	redoubt
confound	deflower	misdoubt
expound	empower	throughout
profound	overpower	without
redound		OUTH
renowned	OURS	
	ours	mouth
		south

OW	foreshow	clown
bow	overflow	crown
blow	overgrow	down
crow	overthrow	drown
doe	reflow	frown
dough		gown
flow		town
foe		adown
glow	ough	imbrown
go	bow	renown
grow	brow	
ho!	cow	OWZE
hoe	how	blouse
know	mow	blowze
lo!	now	browze
low	plough	rouse
mow	prow	spouse
no	row	carouse
oh!	slough	espouse
roe	sow	
row	thou	OX
sew	vow	box
shew	allow	fox
show	avow	locks
sloe	endow	ox
slow	disallow	equinox
snow	disavow	orthodox
so		heterodox
sow		and the plurals of
stow		the nouns and 3rd
though	cowl	person present of
throw	foul	the verbs in OCK.
toe	fowl	
tow	growl	OY
trow	howl	boy
woe	owl	buoy
ago	prowl	cloy
below	scowl	coy
bestow		joy
forego		toy
foreknow	OWN	troy
	brown	

alloy	interpose	deduce
annoy	presuppose	disuse
convoy	recompose	excuse
decoy	and the plurals of	induce
destroy	the nouns and 3rd	misuse
employ	person present of	obtuse
enjoy	the verbs in OW.	produce
viceroy		profuse
		recluse
OZE		reduce
chose	bub	seduce
close	chub	traduce
doze	club	introduce
gloze	cub	
froze	dub	
hose	drub	UCH
knows	grub	clutch
lows	rub	crutch
nose	scrub	Dutch
owes	shrub	grutch
pose	snub	hutch
prose	sub	much
rose	tub	such
those	sillabub	touch
toes		retouch
woes	UBE	insomuch
arose	cube	overmuch
appose	tube	
compose		UCK
depose	deuce	buck
disclose	juice	chuck
dispose	luce	duck
enclose	pruce	luck
expose	puce	muck
foreclose	sluice	pluck
impose	spruce	Puck
oppose	truce	ruck
propose	use	struck
repose	abstruse	stuck
suppose	abuse	suck
discompose	conduce	truck
		tuck

	UCT	exclude extrude exude include intrude obtrude preclude prelude protrude seclude aptitude attitude finitude fortitude gratitude habitude interlude lassitude latitude longitude magnitude multitude plenitude promptitude quietude rectitude sanctitude servitude solitude turpitude	and the participles of the termination EW. UDGE
	UD	blood bud cud flood mud scud stud	budge drudge fudge grudge judge sludge trudge adjudge forejudge misjudge prejudge rejudge
	UDE	brood crude feud lewd nude prude rude shrewd allude conclude delude elude	UE, see EW UFF
		beatitude decrepititude ineptitude infinitude ingratitude inquietude necessitude similitude solicitude vicissitude	bluff buff chuff cuff huff gruff luff muff puff ruff rough scruff snuff stuff tough enough rebuff counterbuff
			uft

and the participles of the verbs in	UL	convulse
UFF.	cull	expulse
	dull	impulse
	gull	repulse
UG	hull	
bug	lull	ULT
drug	null	adult
dug	null	consult
hug	scull	exult
jug	skull	indult
lug	trull	insult
mug	annul	occult
pug	disannul	penult
rug		result
shrug		tumult
slug	ULL	difficult
snug	bull	
	full	
	pull	UM and UMB
	wool	
UICE, <i>see</i> USE.		bomb
UIDE „ IDE.	bountiful	chum
UILD „ ILD.	dutiful	come
UILE „ ILE.	fanciful	crum
UILT „ ILT.	merciful	crumb
	sorrowful	drum
	wonderful	dumb
	worshipful	gum
UINT „ INT.	ULE, <i>see</i> OOL.	glum
UISE „ ISE	ULGE	grum
<i>and</i> USE.	bulge	hum
	divulge	num
	indulge	numb
UIE, <i>see</i> IE.		rum
	ULK	plum
UKE	bulk	plumb
duke	hulk	scum
puke	sculk	some
peruke		stum
rebuke	ULSE	sum
	pulse	swum
		thumb

thrum	assume	ton
become	consume	tun
benumb	deplume	won
succumb	inhume	begun
burthensome	perfume	forerun
Christendom	relume	outran
cumbersome	resume	overrun
frolicsome		undone
hecatomb	bump	UNCE
humorsome	chump	
laudanum	clump	dunce
martyrdom	cramp	once
medium	dump	UNCH
minium	hump	
odium	jump	bunch
opium	lump	crunch
overcome	mump	hunch
pendulum	plump	lunch
premium	pump	munch
quarrelsome	rump	punch
speculum	stump	UND
troublesome	thump	fund
delirium	thrump	rhymes with the
effluvium	trump	participles of the
elysium		verbs in UN.
emporium	done	
encomium	dun	UNE, see OON.
exordium	fun	
millennium	gun	UNG
postulatum	Hun	
sensorium	none	bung
ultimatum	nun	clung
equilibrium	one	dung
pericranium	pun	flung
epithalamium	run	hung
	shun	lung
UME	son	'mong
fume	spun	rung
plume	stun	slung
rheum	sun	sprung
		strung

stung	sup	demure
sung	up	depure
swung		endure
tongue		immure
wrong	abrupt	insure
young	corrupt	inure
among	interrupt	manure
unsung	and the participles of the verbs in UP.	mature unsure obdure obscure procure secure
UNGE		
plunge		embrasure
lunge	UR, <i>see</i> ER.	epicure
sponge		insecure
expunge		immature
UNK		
drunk	curb	reassure
funk	herb	sinecure
junk	verb	
monk	adverb	
punk	disturb	
shrunk	reverb	
slunk	superb	
sponk	URCH, <i>see</i>	
spunk	EARCH.	
stunk		URF
sunk		scurf
trunk		turf
URD, <i>see</i> ERD.		
URK		
URE		
blunt	cure	birk
brunt	dure	clerk
front	lure	dirk
grunt	mure	firk
hunt	pure	irk
lunt	sure	jerk
runt	ure	kirk
wont	your	lurk
UNT		
cup	abjure	mirk
	adjure	perk
	allure	smirk
UP		
	assure	stirk
	conjure	Turk
		work

URL, <i>see</i> EARL.	fabulous	miraculous
	frivolous	necessitous
URN „ ERN.	generous	obstreperous
	gluttonous	ridiculous
URST	harquebuss	solicitous
burst	hazardous	unanimous
curst	incubus	odoriferous
durst	infamous	There are numerous other words ending in "OUS" which are not accented on the last syllable.
erst	lecherous	
first	mischievous	
hurst	mountainous	
thirst	mutinous	
worst	numerous	
	ominous	
	overplus	
URT, <i>see</i> ERT.	perilous	USE
	poisonous	deuce
URSE „ ERSE.	ponderous	goose
	populous	loose
URVE „ ERVE.	prosperous	ruse
	ravenous	truce
US	rigorous	use
buss	riotous	abuse
fuss	slanderous	excuse
muss	sonorous	intuse
plus	timorous	obtuse
thus	tyrannous	profuse
truss	valorous	recluse
us	venomous	refuse
	villanous	USH
discuss	adventurous	blush
percuss	adulterous	brush
rebus	ambiguous	bush
amorous	calamitous	crush
blasphemous	degenerous	flush
boisterous	fortuitous	gush
clamorous	gratuitous	hush
credulous	idolatrous	lush
dangerous	incredulous	plush
dolorous	libidinous	push
emulous	magnanimous	rush

A DICTIONARY OF PROPER RHYMES. 257

thrush	august	abut
tush	combust	englut
ambush	disgust	UTCH, <i>see</i> UCH.
	distrust	
USK	incrust	UTE „ OOT.
busk	intrust	
dusk	mistrust	UTH
husk	robust	Ruth
lusk		sooth
musk		tooth
rusk		truth
tusk		youth
		forsooth
UST	but	uncouth
bust	butt	
crust	cut	UVE, <i>see</i> OVE.
dust	glut	
gust	gut	
just	hut	UX
lust	jut	
must	nut	flux
rust	put	lux
thrust	rut	yux
trust	scut	conflux
adjust	shut	efflux
adust	slut	influx
	smut	reflux
	strut	superflux

A LIST OF DOUBLE RHYMES USEFUL IN POETRY.

- ACHING, awaking, breaking, forsaking, making, quaking,
raking, taking.
ACRE, baker, quaker, raker.
AFTER, hereafter, laughter, rafter, wafter.
AIDING. (*See TRADING.*)
AILING, bailing, bewailing, detailing, sailing, failing,
nailing, paling, quailing, railing, wailing, whaling.
ALLEY, galley, sally, valley.
ALTER, altar, falter, halter, palter, psalter.
AMBLE, bramble, ramble, scramble.
AMBLER, clambler, rambler, scrambler.
AMBLING, rambling, scrambling.
ANGLE, dangle, mangle, spangle, strangle, tangle.
ANGUISH, languish.
- BABBLE, dabble, grabble, rabble.
BADNESS, gladness, madness, sadness.
BAILING, ailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling, quailing,
railing, sailing, wailing, whaling.
BAKER, acre, breaker, maker, quaker, raker, shaker, staker,
taker.
BANDED, branded, handed, landed, stranded.
BANDING, handing, landing, standing.
BANDY, handy, sandy.
BANKER, blanker, canker, danker, franker, hanker, lanker,
ranker, thankar.
BANTER, canter, chanter, panter, planter, ranter.
BARELY, fairly, rarely, sparingly.

BARLEY, parley.

BASTED, hasted, pasted, tasted, wasted.

BATTLE, cattle, chattel, prattle, rattle, tattle.

BEAKER, bleaker, meeker, seeker, sneaker, speaker, squeaker, weaker.

BEAMING, deeming, dreaming, gleaming, seeming, streaming, teeming.

BEARER, carer, darer, fairer, rarer, scarer, sharer, snarer, swearer, wearer.

BEAREST. (*See WEAREST.*)

BEARING, airing, blaring, caring, daring, fairing, glaring, pairing, paring, scaring, sparing, squaring, swearing, tearing, wearing.

BEAUTY, duty.

BEING, seeing.

BELLOW, fellow, mellow.

BENDER, fender, lender, render, sender, slender, tender, vendor.

BENDING, blending, ending, lending, mending, pending, rending, sending, spending, tending, vending, wending.

BERRY, bury, cherry, derry, ferry, merry, perry, very, wherry.

BETTER, fetter, letter, netter, setter, wetter.

BIDING, chiding, dividing, gliding, guiding, hiding, riding, sliding, striding.

BIGGER, digger, figure, nigger, rigger.

BILLOW, pillow, willow.

BITTER, fitter, fritter, twitter, glitter, hitter, litter, sitter.

BLAMEFUL, shameful.

BLEATING, beating, cheating, eating, greeting, meeting, seating, sheeting, sleetting, treating.

BLEEDING, beading, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing, pleading, reading, speeding, weeding.

BLESSING, caressing, dressing, guessing, pressing, tressing.

BLIGHTED, benighted, cited, delighted, invited, lighted, plighted, requited, righted, slighted, spited, united.

BLINDEST, kindest.

BLINDNESS, kindness.

BLISSES, hisses, kisses, misses.

BLOOMY, gloomy, loomy, ploomy, roomy.

- BLOWING**, flowing, going, growing, mowing, rowing, showing, snowing, stowing, strowing, throwing.
- BLUNDER**, plunder, sunder, thunder, under, wonder.
- BOASTER**, coaster, roaster, toaster.
- BOLDNESS**, coldness, oldness.
- BORROW**, morrow, sorrow.
- BOTTLE**, mottle, pottle, throttle.
- BOUNDED**, founded, hounded, pounded, rounded, sounded.
- BOUNDETH**, astoundeth, soundeth, surroundeth.
- BOUNDING**, founding, grounding, resounding, rounding, sounding.
- BOWING**, allowing, ploughing, vowed.
- BRAINLESS**, chainless, gainless, painless, rainless, stainless.
- BRAMBLE**, amble, gamble, ramble, scramble.
- BRAWLER**, bawler, caller, crawler, drawler, mauler, smaller, sprawler, taller.
- BREAKING**, aching, baking, forsaking, laking, making, quaking, shaking, staking, taking, wacking.
- BRIAR**, crier, friar, nigher.
- BRIGHTEN**, frighten, heighten, lighten, tighten, whiten.
- BRIGHTER**, biter, citer, fighter, inviter, lighter, mitre, nitre, slighter, smiter, triter, whiter, writer.
- BRIGHTLY**, knightly, lightly, nightily, politely, rightly, sightly, slightly, spritey, tritely, whitely.
- BRINDLE**, dwindle, kindle, spindle.
- BRINGER**, clinger, flinger, ringer, singer, springer, stinger, swinger, wringer.
- BRINGING**, clinging, flinging, ringing, singing, slinging, springing, stinging, stringing, swinging, winging.
- BRITTLE**, little, quittal, spittal, tittle, whittle.
- BROKEN**, spoken, token.
- BROTHER**, another, mother, other, smother.
- BUMPER**, flumper, jumper, lumper, plumper, trumper.
- BURLY**, surly.
- BURNING**, spurning, turning, earning.
- BURNISH**, furnish.
- BUTLER**, cutler, sutler.
- CALLING**, appalling, falling, galling, stalling, walling.
- CALLOW**, fallow, mallow, shallow, yellow.
- CANKER**, banker, hanker, lanker, spanker, thankier.

CANTER, banter, ranter, panter.
CAPERS, papers, vapours.
CARER, bearer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, swearer, wearer
CAREST, barest, darest, fairest, rarest, sharest, squarest,
wearest.
CARRIAGE, disparage, marriage.
CHALICE, malice, palace.
CHARMER, alarmer, farmer, harmer.
CHARMING, alarming, arming, farming, harming.
CHEERFUL, fearful, tearful.
CHEERLESS, fearless, peerless, tearless.
CHERISH, perish.
CHERRY, berry, bury, derry, ferry, jerry, merry, sherry,
very, wherry.
CHIDED, divided, glided, sided, tided.
CHILDHOOD, wildwood.
CHOOSER, loser, user.
CHORAL, floral, oral.
CHORUS, o'er us, porous.
CITY, ditty, pity, witty.
CLAMBLER, ambler, rambler, scrambler.
CLEARER, dearer, hearer, nearer, severer, sincerer, steerer.
CLENCHER, bencher, drencher, trencher, wrencher.
CLIENT, defiant, pliant.
CLINGING, bringing, flinging, ringing, singing, swinging,
winging.
CLIPPER, chipper, dipper, nipper, shipper, skipper, sipper,
whipper.
CLOVER, drover, over, rover.
COASTER, boaster, roaster, toaster.
COFFER, offer, proffer, scoffer.
COINER, joiner, purloiner.
COLLEGE, knowledge.
COURTED, sorted, sported.
COVER, glover, hover, lover, shover.
CRAGGY, baggy, jaggy, shaggy.
CRAVEN, graven, haven, raven, shaven.
CRAWLER, bawler, brawler, drawler, foiler, spoiler, sprawler.
CRAZY, daisy, hazy, lazy.
CREEPING, keeping, peeping, sleeping, steeping, sweeping,
weeping.

- CRIPPLE, dipple, nipple, ripple, tipple.
CROSSES, drosses, losses, mooses.
CREEL, duel, fuel, gruel.
CREMBLE, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble, mumble,
rumble, stumble, tumble.
CREEPER, upper, copper, supper.
- DAISY, crazy, hairy, lazy, mary.
DANCING, advancing, chancing, entrancing, glancing,
prancing.
DANDLE, candle, handle, sandal, scandal.
DANDY, bandy, candy, handy, pandy, sandy.
DANGER, manger, ranger, stranger.
DANGLE, jangle, mangle, spangle, strangle, tangle, wrangle.
DAPPER, flapper, snapper, wrapper.
DARER, bearer, carer, fairer, swearer, wearer.
DARING, bearing, caring, faring, paring, pairing, sparing,
swearing, tearing, wearing.
DARKEN, hearken.
DARKLING, sparkling.
DAUGHTER, mortar, porter, slaughter, water.
DAWNING, adorning, fawning, morning, scorning, warning.
DEALING, ceiling, feeling, healing, pealing, reeling, revealing,
stealing.
DEAVER, clearer, fearer, hearer, nearer, queerer.
DEAREST, fearest, hearest, nearest, queerest.
DECENT, recent.
DEEPNESS, steepness.
DIGGER, bigger, figure, jigger, nigger, rigger, snigger.
DIMPLE, pimple, simple, wimple.
DINGLE, ingle, jingle, mingle, shingle, single.
DINNER, grinner, sinner, Skinner, thinner, winner.
DISTANCE, assistance, resistance.
DITCHER, hitcher, pitcher.
DOCTOR, proctor.
DOUBLE, bubble, nubble, rubble, stubble, trouble.
DOCTER, outer, pouter, touter.
DRAINING, raining, straining, training.
DRAWLER, bawler, brawler, crawler, hawler.
DREAMING, beaming, creaming, gleaming, seeming,
scheming, streaming.

DRENCHER, bencher, clencher, quencher, trencher,
wrencher.

DRINKER, shrinker, thinker.

DRINKING, inkling, linking, sprinkling, tinkling, twinkling.

DRIVEN, given, riven, striven.

DUMBLY, humbly.

DUMBNESS, numbness.

DWELLING, belling, foretelling, quelling, selling, spelling,
swelling, telling, welling.

DWINDLE, brindle, kindle.

ENDING, bending, defending, lending, mending, pending,
rending, sending, tending, wending.

EVER, endeavour, never, sever.

FACES, chases, laces, traces, braces.

FAILING, ailing, bailing, railing, sailing, wailing, whaling.

FAINTING, painting, taunting.

FAINTLY, saintly.

FAIRER, bearer, carer, darer, pairer, rarer, swearer, wearer.

FAIREST, bearest, carest, darest, rarest, sharest, wearest.

FALLING, bawling, calling, hawling.

FALLOW, callow, mallow, shallow, tallow, yellow.

FASTNESS, vastness.

FEAREST, dearest, hearest, nearest, queerest, steerest.

FEARFUL, cheerful, tearful.

FEARLESS, cheerless, peerless.

FEATHER, leather, tether, together, weather, whether.

FEELING, dealing, healing, pealing, reeling, revealing,
squealing, stealing.

FELLOW, mellow.

FERRY, berry, cherry, derry, merry, perry, very, wherry.

FETTER, better, letter, setter, wetter.

FICKLE, pickle, prickle, sickle, tickle.

FIDDLE, twiddle, middle, riddle.

FIGURE, vigour.

FLEETNESS, sweetness.

FLINGING, bringing, clinging, singing, winging.

FLOATED, boated, doated, moated, quoted.

FLORAL, choral, oral.

FLYING, buying, dying, hieing, lying, prying, sighing, trying, vieing.

FOLLOW, hollow.

FONDER, wander, yonder.

FOUNTAIN, mountain.

FUEL, cruel, duel.

FUNNEL, gunnel, runnel, tunnel.

GAINER, drainer, stainer, strainer, trainer.

GHASTLY, fastly, lastly, vastly.

GIVEN, driven, riven, striven, thriven.

GIVER, liver, quiver, river, shiver.

GLADNESS, badness, madness, sadness.

GLANCING, advancing, dancing, entrancing, lancing, prancing.

GLEAMING, beaming, deeming, dreaming, seeming, streaming.

GLIDED, bided, chided, divided, sided.

GLISTEN, listen.

GLITTER, bitter, fritter, hitter, litter, twitter.

GLORY, gory, hoary, story, tory.

GOING, blowing, flowing, glowing, knowing, mowing, rowing, stowing, throwing.

GRAVEN, craven, haven, raven, shaven.

GREEDY, needy, seedy, speedy, weedy.

GREETING, beating, heating, meeting, repeating, seating, treating.

GRIPER, piper, riper, viper.

GROANERS, moaners, owners.

GUNNEL, funnel, tunnel, runnel.

GUNNER, dunner, runner, stunner.

HACKLE, cackle, tackle.

HANDED, banded, candid, landed, sanded, stranded.

HANDLE, candle, dandle, sandal, Vandal.

HANDY, bandy, candy, dandy, sandy.

HANGING, banging, clanging.

HANKER, banker, canker, danker, lanker, spanker, thankier.

HARMING, alarming, charming, farming.

HAVEN, craven, graven, raven, shaven.

HEADY, neddy, ready, steady.
HEALING, dealing, feeling, pealing, reeling, revealing,
stealing.
HEARER, clearer, dearer, fearer, nearer, queerer, steerer.
HEAREST, clearest, dearest, fearest, merest, nearest,
peerest, queerest.
HEAVEN, leaven, leven.
HEAVING, deceiving, grieving, leaving, thieving, weaving.
HEEDED, needed, speeded, unheeded, weeded.
HEEDFUL, needful.
HIDING, biding, chiding, gliding, riding, striding, tiding.
HITHER, thither, wither.
HOLLOW, follow.
HONEY, funny, money.
HUMBLY, dumbly.
HUMOUR, rumour.

IDLE, bridle, sidle, tidal.
INGLE, dingle, mingle, shingle, single, tingle.

JAGGY, baggy, craggy, shaggy.
JAVELIN, ravelin.
JOBBER, fobber, robber.
JOKER, poker, provoker, smoker, soaker, stoker.
JUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, mumble,
rumble, stumble, tumble.
JUNCTURE, puncture.

KEEPING, heaping, leaping, peeping, reaping, sleeping,
weeping.
KINDLE, dwindle, spindle.
KINDNESS, blindness.

LADING, aiding, fading, trading, wading.
LANDING, banding, handing, sanding, standing.
LASTLY, fastly, ghastly, vastly.
LATENT, patent.
LAUGHTER, after, hereafter, rafter.
LAVING, braving, craving, raving, slaving, staving, waving.
LEADING, breeding, feeding, heeding, needing, pleading,
reading, weeding.

LEATHER, feather, heather, nether, tether, together weather.

LEAVING, grieving, heaving, weaving.

LEDGY, sedgy.

LENDING, bending, ending, rending, sending, tending, wending.

LENGTHEN, strengthen.

LETTER, better, debtor, fetter, setter.

LIGHTED, blighted, delighted, plighted, righted, slighted, united.

LIGHTEN, brighten, frighten, heighten.

LIGHTER, brighter, mitre, nitre, slighter, tighter, whiter, writer.

LIGHTEST, brightest, slightest, whitest.

LIGHTLY, brightly, nightly, slightly, spritely, tightly.

LICOR, bicker, flicker, picker, quicker, sticker, thicker, wicker.

LISTEN, glisten.

LITTER, bitter, fitter, glitter, hitter, pitter, quitter, titter, twitter.

LITTLE, brittle, tittle.

LIVER, giver, quiver, river, shiver.

LIZARD, dizzard, gizzard, wizard.

LOVELY, only.

LONGING, thronging, wronging.

LOUDLY, proudly.

MAKER, acre, baker, quaker, raker, shaker, staker, taker.

MAKING, aching, awaking, breaking, forsaking, quaking, raking, taking, waking.

MALLOW, callow, fallow, shallow, tallow, yellow.

MANGLE, angle, dangle, jangle, strangle, tangle, wrangle.

MARRY, carry, harry, tarry.

MATCHER, latcher, Thatcher, watcher.

MATIN, latin, satin.

MATRON, patron.

MEASCRE, pleasure, treasure.

MERRY, berry, bury, cherry, derry, ferry, sherry, very, wherry.

Mettle, settle, kettle, metal, nettle, settle.

MIDDLE, diddle, fiddle, riddle, twiddle.
MILLER, driller, filler, killer, siller, tiller.
MINGLE, dingle, ingle, jingle, shingle, single.
MINION, opinion, pinion.
MONEY, funny, honey.
MORNING, adorning, dawning, scorning, warning.
MORROW, borrow, sorrow.
MOTHER, another, brother, smother.
MOTION, emotion, notion, ocean, potion.
MOTTO, grotto.
MOUNTAIN, fountain.
MUDDY, ruddy, study.
MUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble,
rumble, stumble, tumble.

NATION, creation, legation, obligation, ration, station.
NEARER, clearer, dearer, hearer, rearer, steerer.
NEAREST, clearest, dearest, fearest, hearest, queerest.
NEEDFUL, heedful.
NEEDING, breeding, feeding, leading, pleading, reading,
weeding.
NEEDLE, beadle, tweedle, wheedle.
NEEDY, greedy, seedy, speedy, weedy.
NETHER, feather, leather, tether, together, weather.
NETTLE, fettle, kettle, mettle, settle.
NEVER, endeavour, ever, sever.
NEWNESS, fewness, trueness.
NIBBLE, dribble, fribble, scribble.
NOTION, emotion, motion, ocean, potion.
NUMBER, encumber, lumber, slumber.

OCEAN, emotion, motion, notion.
OFFER, coffer, proffer, scoffer.
ONLY, lonely.
ORAL, choral, floral.
OTHER, another, brother, mother, smother.
OUTER, doubter, pouter, touter.
OVER, clover, drover, rover, trover.

- PAINTING, fainting, tainting.
PALING, ailing, bailing, failing, hailing, railing, sailing,
wailing, whaling.
PATENT, latent.
PATTERN, slattern.
PEALING, dealing, feeling, healing, reeling, revealing,
stealing.
PEDLER, medller.
KEEPER, keeper, leaper, sleeper, weeper.
PENSION, mention, tension.
PERISH, cherish.
PILLAGE, tillage, village.
PILLOW, billow, willow.
PIMPLE, dimple, simple, wimple.
PINING, divining, lining, mining, reclining, shining,
twining, whining.
PIXION, minion, opinion.
PIPER, griper, viper.
PITCHER, ditcher, hitcher.
PITTANCE, quittance.
PLANTED, enchanted, granted.
PLATTER, batter, fatter, hatter, matter.
PLAYER, praver, slayer, stayer.
PLAYING, delaying, laying, maying, neizhing, obeying,
staying, straying, weighing.
PLEADING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,
reading, weeding.
PLEASURE, measure, treasure.
PLOOMY, bloomy, gloomy, roomy.
POKER, joker, provoker, smoker.
PONDER, fonder, yonder.
PORTAL, mortal.
POSIES, discloses, roses.
POTTLER, bottle, mottle, throttle.
PRATTLE, battle, cattle, rattle, tattle.
PROCTOR, doctor.
PROFFER, coffer, offer, scoffer.
PURELY, demurely, surely.
- QUAKER, acre, baker, breaker, maker, raker, shaker, staker.

QUAKING, aching, awaking, baking, breaking, forsaking,
making, raking, shaking.
QUICKER, bicker. (*See Liquor.*)
QUITTANCE, pittance.

RAFTER, after, hereafter, laughter, wafter.
RAGING, waging.
RAILING, bailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling, quailing,
railing, sailing, tailing, veiling, wailing, whaling.
RAKER, baker, laker, maker, quaker, staker, taker.
RAKING, aching, awaking, baking, breaking, forsaking,
laking, making, quaking, taking, waking.
RAMBLE, amble, bramble, gamble, scramble.
RANGER, danger, manger, stranger.
RANTER, banter, canter, panter.
RABELY, barely, sparely.
RARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, starer, wearer.
RAREST, bearest, carest, darest, fairest, wearest.
RATION, creation, legation, nation, obligation.
RAVEN, craven, graven, haven, shaven.
READING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,
weeding.
READY, heady, steady.
REASON, season, treason.
RECKONS, beckons.
REELING, dealing, feeling, healing, kneeling, stealing.
RENDER, bender, fender, gender, lender, mender, slender,
splendour, sender, tender.
RENDING, bending, ending, lending, mending, sending,
tending, wending.
RIDDLE, fiddle, middle, twiddle.
RIDER, bider, cider, divider, hider, sider, wider.
RIDING, biding, guiding, hiding, tiding.
RIGHTED, blighted, delighted, lighted, plighted, quited,
united.
RINGER, bringer, clinger, singer, flinger.
RINGING, bringing, clinging, flinging, singing, slinging,
stinging, swinging, winging.
RIPER, griper, piper, viper.

RIPPLE, cripple, dipple, nipple, tipple.

RIVEN, driven, given, striven.

RIVER, giver, liver, quiver, shiver.

ROASTER, boaster, coaster.

ROLLING, bowling, strolling, tolling.

ROOMY, bloomy, gloomy, ploomy.

ROSES, closes, discloses, Moses, noses, posies.

ROSTRUM, nostrum.

ROUNDED, bounded, founded, hounded, pounded, sounded.

ROVER, clover, over.

ROWING, blowing, flowing, going, hoeing, knowing, lowing,
mowing, showing, towing.

RUMBLE, grumble, humble, jumble, mumble, stumble,
tumble.

RUNNEL, funnel, gunnel, tunnel.

SADNESS, gladness, madness.

SAILING, ailing, bailing, failing, paling, wailing. (*See
AILING.*)

SAILOR, bailer, nailer, railer, tailor.

SAINTLY, faintly, quaintly.

SANDY, bandy, candy, dandy, handy.

SATIN, latin, matin.

SAWYER, lawyer.

SCARLET, varlet.

SCOFFER, coffer, offer, proffer.

SCORNING, adorning, dawning, fawning, morning, warning.

SCRAMBLER, ambler, clambler, gambler, rambler.

SCRAPER, draper, paper, taper.

SCRIBBLER, nibbler.

SEASON, reason, treason.

SEDGY, ledgy.

SEEMING, beaming, dreaming, gleaming, streaming, teeming.

SELLER, cellar, dweller, feller.

SEMBLE, resemble, tremble,

SENDER, bender, fender, gender, lender, mender, render,
tender, vendor.

SENDING, bending, ending, lending, rending. (*See BENDING.*)

SENTRY, entry, gentry.

SETTLE, fettle, kettle, mettle, nettle.
SEVER, endeavour, ever, never.
SHACKLE, hackle, tackle.
SHALLOW, callow, fallow, mallow, yellow.
SHAMEFUL, shameful.
SHAVEN, craven, graven, haven, raven.
SHINING, dining, fining, lining, mining, pining, twining,
 whining.
SHIVER, giver, liver, quiver, river.
SHOWERY, flowery, lowery.
SICKLE, fickle, pickle, prickle, tickle.
SIDLE, bridle, idle.
SIGHING, buying, dying, flying, hieing, lying, prying,
 trying, vieing.
SIMPLE, dimple, pimple, wimple.
SINGER, bringer, flinger, ringer.
SINGING, bringing, clinging, ringing, winging. (*See*
 BRINGING.)
SINGLE, dingle, ingle, mingle, shingle.
SINKING, drinking, stinking, thinking, winking.
SINNER, dinner, pinner, thinner, winner.
SKIPPER, clipper, nipper, shipper, sniper.
SLAUGHTER, daughter, water.
SLEEPER, deeper, keeper, leaper, peeper, reaper, steeper,
 weeper.
SLEEPING, creeping, heaping, keeping, leaping, peeping,
 reaping, steeping, weeping.
SLENDER, defender, render, sender, splendour, tender.
SLIGHTED, blighted, delighted, lighted, plighted, righted,
 united. (*See* BLIGHTED.)
SLIGHTER, brighter, fighter, lighter, mitre, nitre, whiter.
SLUMBER, encumber, lumber, number.
SMITER, biter, brighter, fighter, inviter, plighter, reciter,
 writer.
SMOKER, joker, poker, provoker.
SMOTHER, brother, mother, other.
SNEAKER, beaker, meeker, seeker, speaker, squeaker, weaker.
SORROW, borrow, Morrow.
SOUNDING, bounding, founding, grounding, resounding,
 rounding.

SPANKER, banker, canker, hanker, lanker, thankер.

SPARELY, barely, fairly, rarely.

SPARING, airing, bearing, caring, daring, faring, pairing, paring, sharing, swearing, tearing, wearing.

SPEAKING, eking, reeking, sneaking, tweaking.

SPICKLE, freckle.

SPEEDED, heeded, needed, unheeded, weeded.

SPEEDY, greedy, needy, ready, seedy, weedy.

spoken, broken, token.

SPORTED, courted, sorted.

SPRAWLER, brawler, crawler, drawler.

SPRINKLE, tinkle, winkle, wrinkle.

SPRINKLING, inkling, tinkling, twinkling, wrinkling.

STAINER, drainer, feigner, gainer, plainer, strainer, trainer.

STANDING, banding, handing, landing.

STATION (*See NATION.*)

STAYER, player, prayer, slayer, weigher.

STEADY, heady, ready.

STEALING, dealing, feeling, healing, pealing, reeling, revealing.

STIFLE, rifle, trifle.

STRANGER, danger, ranger.

STRANGLE, angle, dangle, jangle, mangle, tangle, wrangle.

STRAYING, braying, delaying, flaying, laying, maying, neighing, obeying, playing, praying, weighing.

STRENGTHEN, lengthen.

STRIDING, bidding, chiding, hiding, riding.

STRIVEN, driven, given, riven.

STROLLER, controller, roller.

STRONGER, longer.

STUMBLE, rumble, tumble.

SUNDER, blunder, plunder, thunder, under, wonder.

SURELY, demurely, purely.

SUTLER, butler, cutler.

SWEARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, starer, wearer.

SWEETNESS, fleetness, neatness.

SWELLING, dwelling, telling, welling. (*See DWELLING.*)

SWIMMER, simmer, skimmer.

- TACKLE, cackle, hackle.
TAILOR, bailor, nailer, railer, sailor, whaler.
TAKEN, forsaken, shaken, waken.
TAIKER, baulker, stalker, walker.
TAKING, aching, awaking, breaking, forsaking, making,
quaking, raking.
TALKING. (*See WALKING.*)
TAMELY, gamely, lamely, samely.
TANGLE, angle, dangle, mangle, strangle, tangle.
TAPER, draper, paper, scraper.
TARNISH, garnish, varnish.
TARRIED, carried, married, parried.
TASKER, asker.
TASTED, basted, hasted, wasted.
TATTLE, battle, cattle, prattle, rattle.
TEARFUL, cheerful, fearful.
TEASING, leasing, pleasing, sneezing.
TENDER, fender, lender, render, sender, slender, splendour,
vendor.
TENDING, bending, blending, ending, lending, mending,
rending, sending, spending, tending, vending, wending.
TETHER, feather, leather, nether, together, weather.
THATCHER, latcher, matcher, patcher.
THIEVING, leaving, weaving.
THISTLE, bristle, epistle, whistle.
THITHER, hither, wither.
THRESHER, rasher.
THRONGING, longing.
THROWING, blowing, crowing, flowing, glowing, going,
knowing, lowing, mowing, owing, rowing, showing,
snowing, stowing.
THUNDER, blunder, plunder, sunder, under, wonder.
TILLAGE, pillage, village.
TILLER, driller, miller, siller.
TIPPLE, cripple, nipple, ripple, stipple.
TITTLE, brittle, little.
TOASTER, boaster, coaster, roaster.
TOKEN, broken, spoken.
TOURNAY, journey.

- TRADING, aiding, braiding, degrading, evading, fading,
jading, lading, shading, wading, &c.*
- TRAINER, drainer, gainer, plainer, strainer, stainer.
- TRAITOR, crater, debater, hater, later, mater, praetor,
prater, stater, waiter.
- TRAVELLER, raveller.
- TREASON, reason, season.
- TREASURE, measure, pleasure.
- TREATING, beating, greeting, meeting, seating, sheeting.
- TREMBLE, assemble, resemble.
- TRENCHER, bencher, clencher, drencher, quencher,
wrencher.
- TRIFLER, rifler.
- TRUENESS, fewness, newness.
- TUMBLE, crumble, fumble, grumble, humble, jumble,
mumble, rumble, stumble.
- TUMBLER, grumbler, rumbler.
- TWEEDLE, beadle, needle, wheedle.
- TWINING, dining, divining, fining, lining, mining, pining,
reclining, repining, shining, whining.†
- TWINKLE, inkle, sprinkle, tinkle, wrinkle.
- TWISTER, blister, hiss'd her, kiss'd her, miss'd her, sister,
- TWITTER, bitter, fitter, fritter, glitter, hitter, litter, sitter
- VARNISH, garnish, tarnish.
- VENTER, centre, renter.
- VERY, berry, bury, cherry, Derry, ferry, merry, perry,
wherry.
- VICTOR, lictor.
- VILLAGE, pillage, tillage.
- VINEYARD, inn-yard, skin-yard.
- VINTAGE, mintage.
- VINTRY, wintry.
- VIPER, griper, piper, riper.
- VOTER, quoter.
- VOWING, bowing, cowing, ploughing.

* See ADE, in Dictionary of Rhymes.

† See INE, *ibid.*

- WADING, aiding, fading, lading, trading.
WAILING, ailing, bailing, failing, hailing, nailing, paling,
quailing, railing, sailing, tailing, veiling, whaling.
WAKEN, forsaken, taken.
WAKING, aching, breaking, forsaking, making, quaking,
raking, taking.
WALKING, baulking, caulking, stalking, talking.
WARNING, adorning, dawning, morning, scorning. (*See
DAWNING.*)
WASTED, basted, hasted, pasted, tasted.
WEARER, bearer, carer, darer, fairer, pairer, rarer, starer,
swearer.
WEAREST, bearest, carest, darest, fairest, rarest.
WEARING, bearing, caring, daring, faring, paring, staring,
swearing.
WEATHER, feather, leather, tether, together, whether.
WEAVING, cleaving, deceiving, grieving, heaving, leaving,
thieving.
WEEDING, breeding, feeding, heeding, leading, needing,
reading.
WEEPER, keeper, peeper, sleeper.
WEETING, creeping, heaping, keeping, peeping, sleeping,
steeping, sweeping.
WELLING, belling, dwelling, felling, foretelling, quelling,
selling, spelling, swelling, telling.
WENDING, bending, intending, lending, mending, offend-
ing, pending, rending, sending, tending. (*See BENDING.*)
WHEEL, beadle, needle, tweedle.
WHERRY, berry, cherry, ferry, merry, sherry, very.
WHINING, pining, shining, twining.
WHISTLE, bristle, epistle, thistle.
WHITEN, brighten, lighten. (*See BRIGHTEN.*)
WHITER, biter, brighter, lighter, nitre, slighter, writer.
(*See BRIGHTER.*)
WIDER, bider, cider, divider, hider, sider.
WILD-WOOD, childhood.
WILLOW, billow, pillow.
WIMPLE, dimple, pimple, simple.
WINGING, bringing, clinging, flinging, singing, springing,
stinging, swinging.

WINKING, drinking, sinking, stinking, thinking.

WINNING, beginning, dinning, grinning, pinning, sining,
thinning.

WITHER, hither, thither.

WRANGLE, dangle, mangle, spangle, tangle.

WRINKLE, inkle, sprinkle, tinkle, twinkle.

The foregoing list contains all the Double Rhymes likely to be required, and they are arranged so as to be seen at a glance. Should others be wanted, they can be easily found by consulting the Dictionary of Single Rhymes, and adding the termination of the rhyme in question to the examples contained therein.



WORDS OF THREE SYLLABLES,

ACCENTED ON THE FIRST.

(Commonly called TREBLE RHYMES.)

AMBLINGLY, ramblingly.	CHERRY-CHEEKED, merry-cheeked.
ARTICLE, particle.	CHORALLY, florally, orally.
ATTITUDE, gratitude, platitude, latitude.	CLARION, carrion.
AWFULNESS, lawfulness.	CLARITY, charity, disparity.
BATTERY, flattery.	COOKERY, rookery.
BEAMINGLY, seemingly, teemingly.	COPPERY, foppery.
BEAUTEOUS, duteous.	COPULATE, populate.
BEAUTIFUL, dutiful.	COTERIE, notary, rotary, votary.
BLAMEFULLY, shamefully.	CRAZILY, hazily, lazily.
BORROWER, sorrower.	CREDITOR, editor.
BOWERY, flowery, lowery, showery.	CRUSTILY, dustily, fustily, gustily, lustily, mustily.
BOUNDINGLY, soundingly.	CULMINATE, fulminate.
BRAVERY, knavery, slavery.	CURABLE, durable.
BREVITY, levity.	DARINGLY, sparingly.
BRITTLENESS, littleness.	DEANERY, greenery, scenery.
BROTHERLY, motherly, south- erly.	DECENCY, recency.
BURLINESS, surliness.	DECENTLY, recently.
CALF-WITTED, half-witted.	DEVILRY, revelry.
CAREFULLY, darefully.	DISBELIEF, misbelief.
CHEERFULNESS, fearfulness.	DOGGISHLY, hoggishly.
CHEERILY, merrily, verily.	DOMINATE, abominable, nominate.
CHEERLESSLY, fearlessly, peerlessly, tearlessly.	DRAFFERY, tapery, vapoury.
	DURABLE, curable.
	DURITY, futurity, maturity, purity.
	DUTEOUS, beauteous.

DUTIFUL, beautiful.	LAZILY, crazily, hazily.
EDITOR, creditor.	LECHERY, treachery.
EVERMORE, nevermore.	LEGALLY, regally.
FEARFULNESS, cheerfulness, tearfulness.	LEVITY, brevity.
FLATTERER, scatterer, smatterer.	LITTLENESS, brittleness.
FLATTERY, battery.	LIVERY, shivery.
FLOWINGLY, knowingly.	LOCALLY, vocally.
FLUMMERY, mummery.	LOTTERY, pottery, tottery.
FOPPERY, coppery.	LOYALIST, royalist.
FULMINATE, culminate.	LOYALLY, royally.
GRANARY, planary.	LOWLINKS, holiness.
GRATIFY, ratify.	LUSTILY, crustily, dustily, mustily.
GRATITUDE, attitude, latitude, platitude.	LUSTINESS, fustiness, mustiness, trustiness.
GREEDILY, needily, speedily.	MASSIVENESS, passiveness.
GUNNERY, nunnery.	MASTER-HAND, faster hand.
HALF-WITTED, calf-witted.	MASTER-STROKE, faster stroke.
HEEDFULLY, needfully.	MERRILY, cheerily, verily.
HISTORY, mystery.	MERRY-CHEEKED, cherry-cheeked.
HOGGISHLY, doggishly.	MISBELIEF, disbelief.
HOLINESS, lowliness.	MOTHERLY, brotherly, south- erly.
HUMANLY, womanly.	MOTIONLESS, notionless, oceanless.
HUMANKIND, womankind.	MOVABLE, provable.
JEALOUSLY, zealously.	MUMMERY, flummery.
KILLINGLY, willingly.	MUSTILY, crustily, dustily, lustily.
KNavery, bravery, slavery.	MUSTINESS, fustiness, lustiness, trustiness.
KNOWINGLY, flowingly.	MUTINEER, scrutineer.
LATITUDE, attitude, grati- tude, platitude.	MYSTERY, history, his story.
LAUGHABLE, quaffable.	NEEDFULLY, heedfully.
LAWFULLY, awfully.	NEEDILY, greedily, speedily, seedily.
LAWFULNESS, awfulness.	NOMINATE, abominate, domi- nate.

NOTARY, votary, rotary.	SENSIBLE, fencible, reprehensible, tensible.
NOTIONLESS, motionless, oceanless.	SERPENTINE, turpentine.
NUNNERY, gunnery.	SHAMEFULLY, blamefully.
PARTICLE, article.	SHIVERY, livery.
PASSIVENESS, massiveness.	SHOWERY, bowery, flowery.
PITIFUL, city full.	SILVERY, still very.
PLATITUDE, attitude, gratitude, latitude.	SLAVERY, bravery, knavery.
POPULATE, copulate.	SLENDERLY, tenderly.
POPERY, ropery.	SMATTERER, flatterer.
PROVABLE, movable.	SORROWER, borrower.
PURITY, durity, futurity, maturity, security.	SOUNDINGLY, boundingly.
QUAFFABLE, laughable, chaffable.	SOUTHERLY, brotherly, motherly.
RATIFY, gratify.	SPARINGLY, daringly.
READILY, steadily.	SPEEDILY, greedily, needily.
READINESS, steadiness.	SPECTACLE, receptacle.
RECENTY, decency.	STEADILY, readily.
RECENTLY, decently.	STEALINGLY, feelingly.
REGALLY, legally.	STIMULATE, simulate.
REVELRY, devilry.	STEADINESS, headiness, readiness.
REVEREND, never end.	SURLINESS, burliness.
RISIBLE, visible.	SWINGINGLY, clingingy, ringingly.
ROOKERY, cookery.	TAPERY, drapery.
ROPERY, popery.	TELLINGLY, swellingly.
ROTARY, coterie, notary, votary.	TENDERLY, slenderly.
ROYALIST, loyalist.	TERRIFY, verify.
ROYALLY, loyally.	TENSIBLE, fencible, sensible.
RUTHFULLY, truthfully, youthfully.	TOTTERY, lottery, pottery.
SANITY, urbanity, vanity.	TREACHERY, lechery.
SCENERY, deanery, greenery.	TRUSTINESS, fustiness, lustiness.
SCRUTINEER, mutineer.	TRUTHFULLY, ruthfully, youthfully.
SEEMINGLY, beamingly.	TURPENTINE, serpentine.
	VANITY, sanity, urbanity.
	VERIFY, terrify.

VERILY, cheerily, merrily. WILLINGLY, killingly.
VERITY, dexterity, temerity. WOMANKIND, humankind.
VISIBLE, risible.
VOCALLY, locally.
VOTARY, coterie, notary, rotary.
WIDGEON, pigeon.

YESTERDAYS, best o' days,
pest o' days, quest o' days.
YOUTHFULLY, ruthfully,
truthfully.
ZEALOUSLY, jealously.



TERMS USED IN POETRY

AND

POETICAL CRITICISM.



TERMS USED IN POETRY AND POETICAL CRITICISM.

ACCENT. The part of a word or sentence on which the stress is laid.

ACCENTUATION. Making the accents.

ACCIDENTE. The arrangement of words according to their sense.

ACROSTIC. A poem, the lines of which are so arranged that the first letter of each forms a word or name.

ADONIC. A short verse in which the death of Adonis is bewailed.

AFFLATUS. The influence which conveys the power of the poem to the mind of the reader. Tully attributes all great actions to the divine *afflatus*.

ALEXANDRINE. A line of verse consisting of twelve syllables, or twelve and thirteen syllables alternately, the pause being on the sixth syllable.

ALLEGORY [See page 70.]

ALLITERATION. A repetition of the same consonants or syllables of the same sound in one sentence.

AMPHIBRACH. A foot of three syllables, the middle one long, the first and last short.

ANADIPOESIS. A figure in poetry, when the last word or words of a sentence are repeated at the beginning of the next.

ANAGRAM. A transposition of the letters of a word by which another word is formed.

ANALECTA. A collection of extracts.

ANAPEST. A foot consisting of three syllables, the first two short, the last long.

ANAPESTIC. The anapestic measure.

ANAPHORA. A repetition of the same word or phrase at the commencement of successive phrases.

ANASTROPE. An inversion of the natural order of words.

ANGLICISM. The idiom of speech peculiar to the English.

ANNOTATION. A brief commentary on a book or poem.

ANTEPENULT. The last syllable but two of a word.

ANTEPENULTIMATE. Pertaining to the last syllable but two.

ANTEPOSITION. The placing of one word before another.

ANTHOLOGY. A collection of beautiful passages from various authors; a collection of poems.

ANTITHESIS. [See page 69.]

ANTITHETIC. Abounding with antitheses.

APHORISM. A precept or sentiment briefly expressed.

APOCOPATE. To cut off or drop the last letter or syllable of a word.

APOCOPATED. Shortened by the omission of the last letter or syllable.

APOLOGUE. A poetical fiction; a moral fable.

APOSTROPHE. A figure, in which the poet turns from his subject to address his reader or some absent person.

ARGUMENT. The heads of a poem divided into books or parts, giving their subject-matter.

ATTIC. Applied to style. An Attic style—pure, classical, and elegant.

AURIGRAPHY. The art of writing with liquid gold.

AUSCULTATORY. Pertaining to hearing or listening.

BALLAD. Originally, a lyric composition, or tale in verse; now applied to a short poem set to music.

BARD. Originally, a semi-barbarous poet; now applied to any professor of verse.

BATHOS. Ludicrous, unmeaning writing.

BOMBAST. An inflated style of composition.

BOUTS-RIMES. Rhymes disposed in order, and given to a versifier to fill up.

BUCOLIC. A poem relating to rural affairs, chiefly in ancient poetry.

BURDEN. The part of a song which is repeated at the end of each verse.

CADENCE. The flow or periods of verses.

CANTATA. A composition consisting of recitatives, stanzas, and different movements intended to be sung.

CANTO. The part or division of a poem.

CAP. *To cap verses*; to name alternately verses beginning with a particular letter; to quote verses in opposition or emulation.

CATASTASIS. The third part of the ancient drama, where the plot is heightened before coming to the close.

CATASTROPHE. The close of a drama, in which the plot is cleared up.

CHORUS. In ancient dramatic poetry, the person placed on the stage to explain the progress of the drama, where not sufficiently indicated by the action.

COPY. The manuscript prepared for the press.

CRITIC. A person who ought to be able to judge of a literary composition according to the rules of art.

CRUDITY. A subject not sufficiently thought out.

CULMINATION. Used metaphorically to express the end or most brilliant part of a composition.

DACTYL. A poetical foot consisting of three syllables, the first long, the others short.

DACTYLIC. A line consisting wholly of dactyls.

DACTYLIST. One who writes flowing verse.

DIDACTIC. Poetry intended to instruct, or full of moral axioms.

DIMINUTIVE. A word which lessens an original word, as river, rivulet.

DIRGE. A song of sorrow or mourning.

DOUBLE ENTENDRE. A French term, which implies a covert as well as an obvious meaning.

DOXOLOGY. A hymn of praise of the Almighty.

DRAMA. All compositions adapted for the stage.

ECHO. In poetry, the last syllable of a verse repeated in a new sense.

ECLOGUE. A pastoral poem; any short, simple, and natural poem.

ELEGANCE. In literature, any composition in which the sense is expressed in a happy, correct, and appropriate manner.

ELEGIAC. Belonging to elegy; plaintive; expressing sorrow or lamentation.

ELEGY. A plaintive and mournful poem addressed to some person or place, as Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

ELISION. The suppressing a vowel at the end of a word to shorten the sound or measure.

ENCLITIC. A word so closely united to another as to seem a part of it.

ENCLITICAL. Throwing back the accent on the former syllable.

EPIC. A poem narrating a story, generally heroic; now used to express any long poem written in a grave or elevated style.

PIGRAM. A short satirical poem, generally of a personal nature.

EPILOGE. A figure of speech by which one striking circumstance is added to another.

EPISODE. A separate incident or story introduced within another.

PISTROPHE. A figure in which several interrogations are put, and answered in the affirmative one after the other.

PITAPH. Lines inscribed on a monument.

PITHALAMNIUM. A nuptial song.

EPODE. The third or last part of an ode.

EPOPEE. The subject of an epic poem.

EQUIVOQUE. A word or sentence susceptible of different meanings.

ESSAY. A composition illustrative of any particular subject.

EUPHONY. An easy and smooth manner.

EXORDIUM. The commencement of a speech or subject.

FABLE. A fictitious narrative from which a moral is drawn.

FEELING. In poetry, the pathos with which a poem is imbued.

FIGURATIVE. Applied to poetry in which metaphors are employed to express the literal meaning.

FOOT. A certain number of syllables forming part of a line of verse.

FUSTIAN. An inflated style of writing, high-sounding, but with little meaning.

GENIUS. The power of inventing new and original forms; a true poet as distinguished from a mere versifier.

GROTESQUE. Whimsical extravagant writing.

HARMONY. The agreement between the several parts of a poem.

HERO. The principal person in a poem.

HEXAMETER. In classical poetry, a verse of six feet, the first four of which must be dactyls or spondees, and the sixth always a spondee.

HOMERIC. In the manner of Homer, or the poetry of ancient Greece.

HUMOUR. Comic verse less brilliant than wit, but more genial.

HYPERBOLE. An exaggerated description of anything—a fault very common to young authors.

HYPERCATALECTIC. In classical verse, a line which has a syllable or two beyond the proper measure.

HYPERCRITIC. One who finds fault without reason, and frequently without knowledge—a being not unknown in periodical literature.

HYPERMETRE. More than the ordinary measure.

HYPOCOULE. A figure in which several things are mentioned going against the argument, but which are each refuted in order.

HYPOTHESIS. Something assumed, but not proved; an imagined theory.

IAMBIC. Pertaining to the Iambus.

IAMBUS. A foot of two syllables, the first short, the last long, as "declare."

IDÉA. The thing which is conceived by the mind; the subject matter of a poem.

IDEAL. The imaginary model of perfection, as the *ideal of beauty*. There are also ideals of the hateful or horrid.

IDEOGRAPHIC. Writing which expresses the ideas and not the sound.

IDIOM. A word peculiar to a language that cannot be literally translated. Translators must find out a corresponding *idiom* in the language into which they are translating.

IDYL. A short poem, generally pastoral, but sometimes applied to heroic poems, such as Tennyson's "Idyls of the King."

IMAGE. In poetry, a description of anything which conveys a picture to the mind.

IMPROVISATORI. One who composes or recites verses extemporaneously.

INTUITION. The act of the mind in instantly perceiving an idea.

INVENTION. What the poet adds to the facts of his subject.

JARGON. Confused unintelligible language.

JEU DE MOTS. A play upon words; a pun.

JEU D'ESPRIT. A witticism; a play of wit.

JOHNSONISM. A peculiar word or manner of Dr. Johnson.

KEEPING—"in keeping." Denoting the just proportion and relation of several parts.

LAUREATE. "An officer of the Royal household, whose business is to compose an ode annually for the Sovereign's birthday."—WEBSTER.

LICENSE. Poetic licence—where the poet goes out of the way to express an idea, or gives a word a meaning other than its literal one.

LYRE. An imaginary instrument attributed by poets to Apollo and the Muses.

LYRIC. An ode suited to be sung; a short poem.

MANUSCRIPT. Writing of any kind; in literature, the "copy" prepared for the printer.

MEASURE. A certain number of syllables metrically measured.

METAPHOR. [See page 68.]

METAPHRASIS. A literal translation.

METATHESIS. A figure by which the letters or syllables of a word are transposed.

METRE. The system of feet composing a line of verse.

MORALITY. An ancient allegorical play, extinct after the reign of Henry VIII.

MUSE. The deity or power of poetry.

MUSES. In mythology, the nine sister goddesses supposed to preside over the liberal arts.

MUSICAL. Applied to verse when smooth and flowing.

NEOLOGY. The introduction of new words.

NUMBERS. In poetry, the harmony, order, and quantity of the syllables forming the feet.

OCTAVO. A sheet folded into eight leaves or sixteen pages.

ODE. A short poem; formerly, a poetical composition proper to be set to music.

OPERA. A dramatic composition of which music is the essential part.

PALÆOGRAPHY. A description of ancient writings, &c.

PARAGRAM. A play upon words.

PARAGRAPH. A section or portion of a writing.

PARALOGISM. A false reasoning.

PARAPHRASE. The turning of the language of an author by another into his own.

PARODY. A serious work burlesqued. In a close parody the rhymes, words, and cadences of the original are observed, while the thoughts are diverted to another object.

PASQUINADE. A lampoon; satirical writing.

PASSAGE. A single clause, place, or part of a poem.

PASTORAL. A poem descriptive of country life.

PATAVINITY. The use of local words.

PENTAMETER. A line consisting of five feet. The first two may be dactyls or spondees, the third must be a spondee, and the last two anapests.

PENULTIMATE. The last but one; the last syllable but one of a word, the antepenultimate being the last but two.

PERORATION. The conclusion of an oration.

PINDARIC. An ode in imitation of the style of Pindar.

POEM. A composition in blank verse or rhyme; applied to other compositions of a highly imaginative character.

Poesy. A motto engraved on a ring; poetry.

Poet. One who has a genius for metrical composition, as distinct from a mere versifier.

Poetaster. A petty poet; a mere rhymester.

Poetical. Suitable to poetry.

Poetical Justice. The distribution of the rewards and punishments of the characters introduced into a play or poem.

Poetics. The doctrine of poetry.

Poetize. To write as a poet.

Poet-Musician. An appellation given to a bard of former times; one who composes both the words and music of his songs, as Charles Dibdin, and Samuel Lover.

Posthumous. Published after the death of the author.

Prologue. An address delivered to the audience previous to the commencement of a play.

Punctuation. The marks used to distinguish the construction of a sentence.

Pyrrhic. A foot of two short syllables.

Quantity. Poetic measure.

Quarto. A sheet folded twice, to make four leaves; a book thus folded so called.

Quatrain. A verse of four lines rhyming alternately.

Radix. A primitive word from which other words spring.

Realism. The opposite of Idealism.

Recitative. Poetry written to be chanted, by which the action of an opera is carried on; sometimes used as a short introduction to a song, as in "The Death of Nelson."

Replication. Using the same term twice in one proposition.

Requiem. A prayer written to be sung.

Rhyme. [See page 7.]

Rhythm. [See page 23.]

Romance. A tale or fictitious history.

Rondeau. An old-fashioned species of poetry, consisting of thirteen verses, of which eight are in one kind of rhyme and five in another, with the same word at the beginning and the end. Called also Roundel and Roundelay.

SAPPHIC. Pertaining to Sappho, a Grecian poetess. The Sapphic verse consists of five feet, of which the first two are trochees, the second a spondee, and the third a dactyl.

SCAN. To examine a verse by counting the feet.

SENTIMENT. In poetry, the thoughts which the several persons express; the general feeling and tone of the poem.

SEXTAIN. A poem of six verses.

SIBYLS. In antiquity, certain women supposed to be endowed with power to prophesy. Their oracles were written in verse on leaves, which were called "Sibylline verses;" the term is sometimes applied to modern verse of a prophetic character.

SIMILE. A comparison of two things which, though differing in name, are made to agree.

SONG. A short poem written to be sung, and embodying a sentiment; the poetry of the people.

SONNET. [See page 47.]

SPONDEE. A foot of two long syllables.

SPENSERIAN STANZA. [See page 29.]

STANZA. A number of lines or verses connected with each other. Some authors persist in calling every verse a stanza.

STROPHE. In ancient lyric poetry, the first of two stanzas, the *antistrophe* being the second.

STYLE. Mode or peculiar method of an author.

SYLLABICATION. The act of forming syllables or dividing words.

SYLLABUS. The heads of a poem.

SYLLEPSIS. A figure by which we conceive the sense of the words otherwise than the words' import, and construe them according to the intention of the author.

SYLLOGISM. Reasoning reduced to form and method.

TERCET. A triplet; a verse of three lines rhyming together.

TERSE. Clearly written.

TERSENESS. Closeness of style; smoothness of language.

TERZA RIMA. A system of versification borrowed by the early Italian poets from the Troubadours.

THESIS. A position or proposition; a theme.

TRAGEDY. A serious drama.

TRANSITION. The sudden leaving of one subject for another.

TRIBRACH. A foot of three short syllables.

TROCHEE. A foot of two syllables, the first long, the second short.

TROPE. An expression used in a figurative sense.

UNITY. The consistency of one part of a play or poem to another.

VERSICULAR. Pertaining to verse.

VERSE. Poetry generally; a division of a poem consisting of a certain number of lines, generally four, eight, or twelve.

VERSIFICATION. The practice of composing verse.

VERSIFIED. Formed into verse.

VERSIFIER. One who writes in rhyme, but who is destitute of ideas.

VERSIFY. To turn into verse; to make verses.

VERSION. The particular rendering of a subject.

WIT. The intellect; the understanding or mental powers; the association of ideas in a manner natural, but unusual and striking, so as to produce surprise joined with pleasure.—WEBSTER.

YARN. A seaman's story.

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